HERMON

N. 4

PRINCE OF

CHORÆA:

OR, THE

Extravagant Zealot.

A

TRAGEDY.

By *MICHAEL CLANCY*, M. D.

Periculosum est credere, et non credere. Phædr.

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(Price One Shilling.)

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD,

Lord Viſc. MOLESWORTH,

Baron of *Philipſtown*,

Lieutenant-General of His Majeſty's Forces, Maſter of the Ordnance, and One of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

My LORD,

I Cannot but congratulate myſelf in reflecting upon the peculiar Turn my Affairs have met with of late, which is, that thro' the Happineſs of being known to Your Lordſhip, I have had the Honour to be taken more particular Notice of by his Excelleney the Lord-Lieutenant: This is ſuch a Concurrence of agreeable Events, that I am almoſt prevail'd upon to be reconcil'd to Fortune, and to forgive her every croſs Incident of a Life full of Variety and Diſappointments.

To receive a Favour under ſuch illuſtrious Circumſtances, as I have done, doubly enhances the Value. The Countenance of My Lord-Lieutenant, and Your Lordſhip's Protection, are Obligations of ſo tranſcendent a Nature, that one, who is ſo lucky as really to deſerve both, would ſcarce ever be able to repay either.——I look upon my late Encouragement in this Light; my good Fortune appears (to

make uſe of the Wiſe Man's Phraſe) as *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*, or as a precious Gem in a rich Caſe; its Situation dignifies the Object in a ſurprizing Manner, and reflects a peculiar Luſtre on the Perſon, who is thus taken notice of.

I would not willingly proceed in the uſual declamatory Stile of Dedications; becauſe, I am very ſure, it would offend that Delicacy, which I have but too much Reaſon to dread in the Peruſal of the following Sheets.—Yet, to quit ſo engaging a Character as Your Lordſhip's, without attempting to ſay ſomething of it, would be an Injury to my own Sentiments, and ſhew an Inſenſibility to that Elegance of Taſte and juſt Diſcernment of Things, that diſtinguiſhes You, and in You charms the reſt of Mankind.

Perhaps it has been my ill Fortune to have my Infirmity turned into an Apology for my Succeſs; be it ſo, I ſhall no more eſteem that a Misfortune, which has been an Occaſion of introducing me to the moſt finiſh'd Characters of the Age.

I might mention many both abroad and in this Country, to whom I am under the higheſt Obligations for their ſingular Humanity; nor do I think myſelf the worſe for the diſtinguiſhable Complacency I have generally met with; for I always look upon the Compaſſion of great Minds to be ſo many Compliments paid to Men of leſſer ones; and in this Conſideration, I ſhall eſteem my Diſorder a Sort of Bleſſing in Diſguiſe.

If any of the Malevoli, (as *Terence* calls them) or, in plain Terms, any of my Maligners, are peeviſh enough to aſſert, that my Blindneſs was my only Merit, I ſhall actually value myſelf more for that Imperfection, than for the moſt offenſive Perſpicacity they can boaſt of.

But pardon me, My Lord, for preſuming to entertain you with an Account of any of thoſe little

Arts

Arts that are ſo foreign to your own amiable Diſpoſition: Whoever is ſo happy, as to be in Your Favour, muſt certainly be above ſuch unkind People.

For my own Part, I muſt always look up at Your Character, either in publick Tranſactions, or in the milder Beauty of private Life, with a moſt peculiar Veneration; I muſt proclaim it loud, if I do not loſe my Gratitude, and acknowledge it ſecretly, if I continue in my Senſes. Suffer me therefore to conclude with a Kind of alluſionary Hint, taken from the good Centurion's Character—— whoſe Parity may be founded on the Greatneſs of Your Affability, Humanity and Honour.

If I could ſay more, I would, for You have an indiſputable Right to the beſt Things I can either think or ſay.

——*Eſt animus tibi,*
Rerumque prudens, et ſecundis
Temporibus dubiiſque rectus.

I am, My Lord, with Reſpect and Gratitude due to Your Goodneſs,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted, and

Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Dublin, March 26, 1746.

MIC. CLANCY.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a Friend.

——*Cum magnis vixiſſe ſatebitur uſque*
Invidia——— HOR.

THIS Night a Bard, your Favour wou'd implore,
Juſt caſt away on his own native Shore,
Tho' dark in Sight, yet clear his mental View,
Brighten'd by *Boyle*, *Cerati*, *Monteſquieu*.
He ſtill wou'd ramble were his Guides not blind,
And with *Montpellier* Sun-ſhine gild his Mind:
But, now reſolv'd, the Muſe, and Fate to follow—
So wills our LORD-LIEUTENANT and APOLLO.

His Play ſeems built on a fantaſtick Topick,
And for the Scene, that's——ſomewhere near the Tropick.
His Nymphs are China-Ware; *Eaſt-Indian* Queens;
His Heroes, painted Pagods—fit for Screens,
His Moral is wild Zeal; his Perſons ſuch,
As no Religion have, or have too much——
The Players round, and ſuch, as judge of Plays,
Pronounce the Style, refin'd, and true *Chineſe*,
But ſuch Exotic Scenes befit a bare Houſe,
Or is the Theatre, an *Indian* Ware-houſe.
'Muſt we find Robes, that might *Confucius* fit,
'And the new Dreſs ſupply his Want of Wit?

One ſwears the Play can't paſs, one rants, and hectors,
——'Tis ſuch damn'd Stuff——'twill ruin the Directors——
'The Caſe is plain, the very Cloathing ſhall
'Come to as much, as wou'd releaſe *Duvall*,

'The

PROLOGUE.

'The Plot's at Court—and 'tis by all confeſs'd,
'If *Mandarins* muſt act, they muſt be dreſs'd,
'In Oriental Robes, how grand is Man!
'And can a Drugget pleaſe, like *Point d'Eſpagne?*
'As for the Houſe—to more Expence 'twill lead her,
'The Stage muſt be japan'd, the Boxes, Cedar,
'As Wax lights often ſwill, and Tallow ſoils,
'Then for your Lamps get *Aromatic* Oils——
Thus far'd our Play, the Actors, thus ranſack'd it,
At laſt, ſays *Bays*—"*Begad, we will not act it*"—
So the poor Muſe was deck'd, and ſtill to ſpite her,
The Scene was thus trick'd up---to vex the Writer;
Our Bard then needed not to *China* roam,
But deal in Earthen-Ware, and ſtay at Home:
To do him right——the Man has ſome Invention
——I wonder how the Plague, he got a Penſion----
I knew, that Wit was not the Way to thrive,
But, ſtill had Hopes of ev'ry Dunce alive.

Yet *Stanhope* thinks ſome Praiſe is due to Learning,
Is this the Bard's Deſert, or Lord's Diſcerning?
Shou'd there be Men of Wit, or there-about,
There ſtill are Men of more, who find them out:
Sure, the next Credit to deſerving well,
Is Grace from thoſe, who in themſelves excel.
I never heard blind Fortune help'd his Wit,
Or ſhew'd her Fellow-Suff'rer, one good Hit;
Till late, ſhe ſmil'd, who juſt before had ſneer'd,
And ſeem'd quite pleas'd, when CHESTERFIELD appear'd.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERMON, Prince of *Choræa*.
ZANCHI, Emperor of *China*.
SAPHIR, First Minister.
XURY, High Treasurer.
CIMRI, the High Pontiff.
CIMAREC, } Priests.
FOZA, }
PHAREZ, a Nobleman, and Friend to *Hermon*.
DARIMA, } Mandarins.
MIRZA, }
ICAON, a great Pyrate,
VORACIO, his Captain.

WOMEN.

IMMA, the supposed Princess.
ALIZA, the true Princess.
ORTA, a Court Lady in Love with *Xury*.
Priests, *Acolytes*, *Messengers*, *Officers*, *Attendants*, *Guards*, &c.

SCENE, partly in the Emperor's Palace at *Pequin*, and partly in *Icaon*'s Camp.

HERMON
PRINCE OF
CHORÆA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Portico in the Royal Palace.

Enter ALIZA *and* PHAREZ.

ALIZA.

NOR wonder, that *Choræa*'s lovely Prince,
Whom Sun, and Winds, and Sorrow have diſguis'd,
Was ſeen by *Pharez*, and unknown was ſeen:
Bare Friendſhip is but feeble in Diſcernment,
But, when enlightened by the Flames of Love,
Such as in loſt *Aliza*'s Boſom burn,
Leſs keen in Viſion, is the ſharp-ey'd Lynx,
Nor ſo acute, nor ſo inquiſitive.

Pha. I knew the Mein and Aſpect foreign, view'd,
And gaz'd with Admiration! heard
The melting Sounds of ſoft endearing Friendſhip,
Nor brighten'd to Remembrance—Fear,
And Diffidence, and Love, and Friendſhip, rouz'd,
Or calm'd the Accents of his varying Speech,
So ſudden and alternate, and his Thoughts
Disjointed in ſuch Medley of Confuſion,
That in the jarring incoherent Chaos,
My ſimple Underſtanding could not trace
The leaſt Remains that cou'd diſtinguiſh *Hermon.*

Ali. O *Pharez!* he had every high Perfection,
That Heav'n cou'd give, or Virtue cou'd inſpire.
Now, thrice, the Sun has clos'd his annual Race,
Since *Hermon*, fair as vernal Morn, and lovely,
As orient Light, forſook the Court of *China*,
Where then *Elzora* reign'd, the goodlieſt Queen
That ever grac'd a Throne.

Pha. But ſince the Death
Of his ill-fated Siſter, why, that Prince
Heedleſs of Danger, thus unwaringly
Shou'd ruſh on Death, where every onward Step
Leads him to ſure Deſtruction——ſuch Temerity
Seems not the wiſe Reſult of ſerious Thought,
In cool Deliberation weigh'd.

Ali. The Mind,
Whoſe Views are Excellence, for ever ſteers
In ſuch uncommon Paths, ſuch latent Ways,
Secret and intricate, and that high Mark,
It aims at, is ſo diſtant and ſublime,
That 'twere impoſſible to trace its Progreſs,
Thro' that vaſt Labyrinth of Action—call'd
To ſeal a dying Father's Teſtament,
And cloſe his Eyes, he willingly forſook
The Charms of Courtly Eaſe, that circling round
Of ſweet Allurements to a Youthful Prince;
Nor ſtoop to Pleaſure, when his Duty ſummon'd—

Pha. Our Monarch has with Imprecations vow'd
Deſtructive Vengeance againſt all his Race.
Ali. True Friendſhip fears, and Love is diffident:
The higheſt Virtues we can boaſt of here,
Savour of earthly Weakneſs—Some Importance,
Some Charge of mighty Weight, has re-engag'd
His pious Heart—Reſpect for Heaven, and Awe
Of pure Religion, were in early Time
Inſpir'd, by wiſe Inſtruction in the Soul
Of young *Choræa*'s Prince—No Pride of Wiſdom,
Falſely aſſum'd in riper Years, no ſtiff,
Or inſolent Conceit, no darling Vice
Oppos'd its Strength to batter Reaſon down,
And lull the Heart with Diſbelief of Truths,
Then diſavow'd, and hated, when they thwart
The vitiated Heart's Perverſity.
Pha. I ſaw in him ſuch Purity of Manners,
Such ſober Decency of mild Behaviour,
As the briſk Ferment of a youthful Breaſt,
And Levity to tender Years inherent,
But ſeldom ſhew,—what Sages write of Friendſhip,
And all its ſacred Ties, but weakly paints
What his kind Heart conceiv'd—how faithful Love
Heighten'd to Excellence, refin'd and pure,
Glow'd in his Boſom, thou alone can'ſt tell,
O virtuous Maid.
Ali. The faireſt Damſels here
With all th' inticing Elegance of Art
Sollicited his Love, and Royal *Imma*,
Who founds this Empire on the Man ſhe weds,
Diſplay'd in vain thoſe Charms, whoſe Worth and Pow'r
Draw Homage from the proudeſt Lords of *China*;
His meek diſintereſted Heart unmov'd
Withſtood the Pageant Pomp, the promis'd State
Of *China*'s Diadem---He heard my Story,
That I was brought from *Macao*'s Iſle with *Imma*,
And as the State of Childhood is not always

Bound by the ſtubborn Rules of proud Diſtinction,
Was nurs'd with her in near Equality;
He found me friendleſs, pity'd my Diſtreſs,
And then he lov'd me; but with Love ſeraphic,
Such as our Prophet's Inſpirations place,
And fix in Heaven's ſupreme Beatitude.

Pha. The Brotherhood prepare ſome ſolemn Rites,
Some myſtick Dirge with Speed and Secrecy.
Religious Functions, and the ſacred Fires
Of burning Altars, ever gave Delight
To *Hermon*'s zealous Spirit---There, *Aliza*,
Purſue thy pious Prince, where rich Perfumes
In Clouds of Incenſe riſe, where Melody
Tunes the ſoft Choir to Adoration: There,
His Mind in warm Devotion wrapt, forgets
All meaner Cares, and pre-enjoys the Bliſs
Of Angels, whom he ſtrives to imitate.

Ali. O *Pharez*, if thy Scrutiny can find
The latent Wanderer, in preſſing Words
Bid him beware of *Zanchi*'s Cruelty!
And add, in ſoothing Notes, that his *Aliza*,
Still loves with that abundant Store of Fondneſs,
That *Hermon*'s Merits claim---Too well, I know
My mean Obſcurity, and Birth ignoble.
Cou'd I, like *Imma*, with a Nod diſpoſe
Of Crowns and Thrones---I then ſhou'd find my Love
Applauded by all Heav'n's conſenting Voice,
And hear glad Angels praiſe the virtuous Choice.

[*Exit* Aliza.

PHAREZ *ſolus.*

Pha. Not far from hence, and on that ſilent Hour,
When Night approach'd on Yeſter Eve appear'd
The Royal Youth—He comes, and with himſelf
Communes in Words deliberate.

Enter HERMON.

Her. My Son depart

" And never to these aged Arms return,
" Till thine own Hands the sacred Rites perform;
" And holy Obsequies around that Place,
" Where lies the Body, that was once *Elzora.*
Those were the Words, by my afflicted Father,
Pronounc'd in deepest Bitterness of Sorrow!
The Bonds of Nature call aloud on *Hermon*,
A mourning Father, and a murder'd Sister,
Command this last and dismal Office—Still
Pursu'd by *Pharez! (seeing him)* cou'd some lively Spark
Of brisk Vivacity, thy Temper rouze
To Recollection, I cou'd then enjoy
The richest Store of Friendship, that can warm
A mortal Breast.

Pha. Forgive my Ignorance,
And let thy Mildness and Indulgence clear
The rude Appearance of a Fault in *Pharez*,
From the base Stamp of Ill-intending Malice.

Her. Am I so hideously incrusted over,
That as the Paintings of some wretched Artist,
I must be in my Forehead stampt with Characters
To shew the Meaning of my Form confus'd?
Thou know'st it, *Pharez*, I had once a Soul,
That dar'd outface the rugged Front of Danger,
And each controuling Surge of Opposition;
My steady Mind, with Resolution brac'd,
Strong and invincible, cou'd brave the Wrecks
Or Smiles of Fortune, cou'd with cool Indifference
View Toil and Pleasure, bend not to the one,
Nor by the other downcast fall.

Pha. Thy Mind,
Thy Temper, by the strictest Virtue form'd,
Fram'd by the Rules of rigid Honesty,
Were such, as well befit *Elzora*'s Brother:
To see her hapless Fate, and thy Distress,
One wou'd believe, that Virtue is the Source,
The Fund, and Origin of Misery.

Her.

Her. When *China*'s Lord, in Guilt unnatural,
Murder'd my Siſter——When in Wilds forlorn,
And deſolate, expos'd to Midnight Horrors,
To Noon-day Heat, to the ſtarv'd Lioneſs,
To Death, that grinn'd around me at each Moment,
As on this Pilgrimage I came, or Hope,
Or wiſe Forbearance, or undaunted Courage,
Were near, and ever preſent to defend me:
My Underſtanding, not as yet abus'd,
Cou'd follow Reaſon thro' its various Shapes.
Not ſo of late, unnerv'd, unman'd, and ſlack,
As a weak fearful Woman, I am ſhaken
By every Blaſt.

Pha. Religion's native Hue
Knows no Deformity, 'tis meekly confident,
And boldly mild; and, if inſpir'd, and taught
By holy Prieſts, is all that Heav'n's high Pow'r
Can ſhew moſt excellent, and truly good.
My Prince, thy Converſations long and earneſt
With our new Brotherhood, perchance may be
Of Conſequence not uſeful.——Superſtition
Is fair in Outſide, crafty Men impoſe
That Copy for the fair Original,
Which it ſo cloſely counterfeits.

Her. My Friend,
O *Pharez*, ſudden and impetuous Starts
Confound my troubled Mind.——A horrid Crowd
Of diſmal new-form'd Phantoms riſe, and ſpring
From every Thought, and Scruples numberleſs,
Like Scorpions ſting my Breaſt—my flutt'ring Heart
Robb'd from itſelf, fears every bug-bear Dream,
My craz'd Imagination breeds.—I thought,
That ſage Advice from reverend Prieſthood drawn,
Shou'd heal the Brain's Infirmity.—Alas!
Till the firſt Moments of my late Diſcourſe,
With the great Pontiff, and the Brotherhood,
I never felt the Tumults of a Conſcience,
Rent from its tranquil State, and gnaw'd, and torn,

And by itſelf devour'd;—Affrighted now
By every tranſient Shadow.
Pha. Extravagant!
How is his honeſt well-deſigning Soul
Chang'd and perverted? [*Aſide.*
Her. 'Tis the friendly Gift
Of Heav'n, that in this wild Confuſion,
No join'd Aſſociate can ſhare the Woes,
Whoſe Torments uncommunicable reach not
Beyond the Diſtrict of the tortur'd Mind,
That Fate has doom'd to bear 'em,—Fortune
Adds one propitious Bleſſing more; ſecur'd
And ſcreen'd by virtuous *Saphir*, here conceal'd
Beneath the looſe Attire of courtly Robe,
Thus wandring through this Solitude unknown,
Thoughts ſtarting againſt Thoughts, I ſadly roam,
And thus indulge their ſad Variety. [*Exit* Hermon.

PHAREZ *ſolus.*

Pha. Loſt in a Labyrinth of mad Confuſion!
Heedleſs of Danger—if with foul Deſign,
The Pontiff *Cimri* baſely has drawn in
The Implement of ſuperſtitious Fraud,
And gilded Falſhood, with the ſmooth Appearance
Of undiſſembled Truth.—If Hell contains
One Pain, or Puniſhment of ſharper Edge,
Than all its other Tortures, Racks, and Furies,
That Scourge be his, who in Devotion's Hood,
And counterfeited Sanctity, miſleads
Unguarded, innocent Simplicity
Into a Night of Errors.—The Miniſter!

Enter SAPHIR.

Dread Lord, ſupreme, whoſe ever-watchful Eye
Directs the Welfare of great *Zanchi*'s Throne,
O Friend to loſt *Elzora*, Friend to *Hermon*,
Whoſe Soul, compaſſionate, in Truth ſincere
Gives Aid to trembling Innocence, aſſiſts

Afflicted Piety—No wily Arts,
That fill the ſubtil Stateſman's Brain, infect
Thy inborn Goodneſs.

Sap. Miſery commands
Our deep Reſpect—Diſtreſs and ſignal Woe
Are Blaſts from Heav'n—Then why ſhou'd we refuſe
To reverence the Man whom Heav'n has touch'd?

Pha. Kind and indulgent to *Choræa*'s Prince,
Thy fond parental Tenderneſs protects
That zealous Youth.

Sap. In heavenly Raptures rais'd,
And burning in Devotion's Fire, he raves
On nought but Sacrifices, Temples, Prieſts,
And Altars, bleſt Perfumes and Odours.—Now
He came t' appeaſe by holy ſolemn Rites
The injur'd Manes of his murder'd Siſter.
Pharez, this Time of uſual Woe,
Demands, that humble ſupplicating Pray'r
Be offer'd to appeaſe the Wrath of Heaven.
In vain I labour thro' the Realms of Thought,
Or in the Space of wide Imagination,
Search ſome Expedient to ſecure the Reign
Of *China*'s Monarch.—Fatal Hour of Woe,
When *Imma*'s beauteous Figure, fair as Light,
Firſt ſeiz'd the Soul of *Zanchi*—Form deceitful!
Whoſe Mind is like her varniſh'd Outſide, dy'd
With artful Treachery, and Fraud deluſive.

Pha. Unerring Prophecy, on this late Criſis
Has fix'd the Fall of our once glorious Empire,
Whoſe early and long-founded Origin
Draws its firſt Æra from that new-born Day,
That firſt ſhew'd Heav'n's enlighten'd Canopy.

Sap. Thus vigilant, have I purſu'd thee cloſe,
O faithful *Pharez*——while my lab'ring Boſom
Toils in the dark Confuſion of a State,
Conſum'd in civil Fury.——Do thou practiſe here
The milder Office of more grateful Friendſhip,
Direct young *Hermon* thro' the winding Maze

And

And Labyrinth of Danger.——'Tis the Lot
Of Angels to assist with Guardian Pow'r.——
The watchful Eye, and Tongue inquisitive,
Those ever-waking Centinels that keep
My Doors expos'd to publick Scrutiny,
Are Bars to my conveying wholesome Counsel,
Where I could wish my Care and Labours useful.

Pha. Restless and like some wand'ring Fugitive,
Alternate Passions, as they change, the Form,
And Figure of the Soul, by their Vicissitude
Can yield some Interval of Ease: the Rage
Of fervent Zeal has no Antagonist
To beat its Fury down.

Sap. I knew him, *Pharez*,
Supple, and easy bending to the Sway
Of gentle Love, and generous Glory,——
War and *Aliza*, were his noble Aims,
And all his Occupation.

Pha. Now in vain,
May Clarions and shrill Trumpets sound! the Clash
Of Arms, loud Battle and the dusty Field
Delight him now no more.

Sap. The pious Maid,
Whose Virtues have inflam'd his honest Heart,
The good *Aliza* with attractive Pow'r,
If she again display those artless Charms,
That mild inestimable Simplicity
May soften him to Love.———

Enter IMMA, *and Attendants.*

The haughty *Imma*
Moves onward, and with her a gawdy Train
Of female Flatterers; pursue the Prince.
Mine is the weightier Care——a sinking State,
A ruin'd People and downfalling King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Gallery.*

Imm. Attentive to the Dictates of my Will,

Prevent the rude Neceſſity of Speech,
Too precious to be thus ignobly waſted
On Slaves for ſervile Offices deſign'd.
Hence to your Slavery—depart—away.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
I will be private——Now let ſportive Fancy,
With pleaſing ſoft Imagination join'd,
Heighten the Tranſport of my Grandeur, rais'd
Far as the Boundaries of mortal Glory
Admit the dear Extream——dull Moraliſts
Say, that of Things ſublunary the beſt
Contain ſome nauſeous Gall—my Governeſs
In ſtrong Expreſſions grievous to my Thoughts,
Bid me, when *Macao*'s Iſle I left, remember,
That *Gaſper* was my Father, nor preſume
Much on my Mother's great Nobility:
Ænigmas all, and ſenſeleſs Folly drown'd
In dark Perplexity.

Enter XURY.

Xury. Hail, beauteous Maid, by faithful Time diſclos'd,
Thou choiceſt Secret, that was e'er reveal'd
From the deep Stores of Nature's hidden Wonders,
O ſole Reſource! O ſureſt Hope of *China!*
To hapleſs *Xury*, Cauſe of every Woe,
That cold Deſpair, and unſucceſsful Love,
Breed in the conquer'd Mind, and Heart relenting.

Imm. (*Aſide.*) Ambitious Man! am I the deſtin'd Mark,
Where all the fooliſh Darts of vain Preſumption
Are raſhly aim'd and arrogantly thrown.

Xury. But while imperial Love's ſuperior Force,
And cogent Weight, ſubmiſſive, ſues before thee,
While *Zanchi* courts with Majeſty and Power,
What can neglected, hapleſs *Xury* hope?

Imm. To fail like him with equal Certainty,
And find this idle Expectation fruitleſs. [*Aſide.*

To him.) My Lord, thoſe ſoft, perſuaſive Sounds, produc'd
With artful Melody of tuneful Accents
Wou'd well be plac'd, and uſefully employ'd
Where croſs Debates, in private Councils rais'd,
Rend wholeſome Peace and friendly Harmony.

Xury. Can no Perfection, no Endowments weigh
Againſt the loaded Scale, where Majeſty
Expands its awful Pomp—A nobler Store
Of Truth, and Honour, fills this faithful Breaſt,
Than all the proudeſt Kings on Earth can ſhew.

Imm. Such were the melting Words, whoſe ſweet Illuſions
Diſtracted poor deſpairing *Oria*,
Her Heart, that flaming Sacrifice of Love,
Waſtes in conſuming Fires——her wild Deſpair,
And your relentleſs Obſtinacy, ſhew
A Scene too pregnant with Severity.
Nor is it prudent, when Example warns,
And Caution arms th' inſtructed Mind, to ruſh
Unthoughtful on too evident a Danger.

Xury. O royal Maid!——a Soul for *Imma* form'd,
Can find no Thought too looſe, no vacant Space,
While every Wiſh, and every Hope contains,
That Mein, that Shape, that Figure pictur'd here.

Imm. While daring *Icaon* ſpreads Death and Slaughter,
And heads his Legions numberleſs——canſt thou
A whining Tale, a piteous Story chant?
Untimely and abſurd——to gain this Prize,
Attack with manly Strength——be daring, bold,
And brave, as *Icaon*——Deſpairing Sighs
Are ill directed Batteries, that play
With empty Art———The beſt Obſervers find,
That Crowns were ever for the Brave deſign'd.

[*Exit* Imma.

Enter CIMRI.

Xury. O venerable *Cimri*, Pontiff grac'd

Prevent the rude Neceſſity of Speech,
Too precious to be thus ignobly waſted
On Slaves for ſervile Offices deſign'd.
Hence to your Slavery—depart—away.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
I will be private——Now let ſportive Fancy,
With pleaſing ſoft Imagination join'd,
Heighten the Tranſport of my Grandeur, rais'd
Far as the Boundaries of mortal Glory
Admit the dear Extream——dull Moraliſts
Say, that of Things ſublunary the beſt
Contain ſome nauſeous Gall—my Governeſs
In ſtrong Expreſſions grievous to my Thoughts,
Bid me, when *Macao*'s Iſle I left, remember,
That *Gaſper* was my Father, nor preſume
Much on my Mother's great Nobility:
Ænigmas all, and ſenſeleſs Folly drown'd
In dark Perplexity.

Enter XUKY.

Xury. Hail, beauteous Maid, by faithful Time diſclos'd,
Thou choiceſt Secret, that was e'er reveal'd
From the deep Stores of Nature's hidden Wonders,
O ſole Reſource! O ſureſt Hope of *China!*
To hapleſs *Xury*, Cauſe of every Woe,
That cold Deſpair, and unſucceſsful Love,
Breed in the conquer'd Mind, and Heart relenting.

Imm. (*Aſide.*) Ambitious Man! am I the deſtin'd Mark,
Where all the fooliſh Darts of vain Preſumption
Are raſhly aim'd and arrogantly thrown.

Xury. But while imperial Love's ſuperior Force,
And cogent Weight, ſubmiſſive, ſues before thee,
While *Zanchi* courts with Majeſty and Power,
What can neglected, hapleſs *Xury* hope?

Imm. To fail like him with equal Certainty,
And find this idle Expectation fruitleſs. [*Aſide.*

To him.) My Lord, thoſe ſoft, perſuaſive Sounds,
produc'd
With artful Melody of tuneful Accents
Wou'd well be plac'd, and uſefully employ'd
Where croſs Debates, in private Councils rais'd,
Rend wholeſome Peace and friendly Harmony.

Xury. Can no Perfection, no Endowments weigh
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Attack with manly Strength——be daring, bold,
And brave, as *Icaon*——Deſpairing Sighs
Are ill directed Batteries, that play
With empty Art———The beſt Obſervers find,
That Crowns were ever for the Brave deſign'd.

[*Exit* Imma.

Enter CIMRI.

Xury. O venerable *Cimri*, Pontiff grac'd

With Might and Merit, eminently high
In Holineſs and Power——Can Diſtreſs,
Still obſtinately front each riſing Hope,
Each flatt'ring View of Happineſs produc'd
By thy indulgent Promiſes——Invent
Such Store of Treaſures, as the Miſer's Brain
In ſwelling Fancy paints, the wideſt Hope,
Or Wiſh ſhall find Succeſs——In Gifts profuſe
Thoſe Hands ſhall load thee with Beneficence.

Cim. Alas! my worthy Lord, my humble Mind
My Thoughts were never by Ambition rais'd,
And only ſeek for Riches in Contentment:
Yet Decency requires, that Gratitude
Requite thee with an Off'ring of my Thanks,
Be confident; too meekly to deſpond,
Were unbecoming Weakneſs, Time,
And Opportunity, ſtrong Advocates,
May bend the ſtubborn Soul of haughty *Imma*,
Nor dread a Woman's faint Refuſal——Reſt
In full Perſuaſion, that my firm Endeavours
Shall leave no Scheme, no Induſtry untry'd
To ſerve thy vaſt Deſigns——my Lord,
This Hour is fix'd for holy Ceremony,
For Rites profound, and ſacred Functions.

Xury. Direct me to the wiſh'd for Haven—there,
Each Fancy, Wiſh, and elevated Thought,
Shall feaſt on Love, and Empire, join'd in *Imma*.

[*Exit* Xury.

Cim. Go, and in the weak delirious Trance
Of Folly, count thy glitt'ring Mountain Heaps,
Thy ſplendid Stores of fancy'd Treaſures.

Enter CIMAREZ.

A Scene of various Buſineſs lies before me,
Work in this ample Field with Caution——Fools
Are Inſtruments to raiſe the Mine, Utenſils,
That in the wiſe Man's Hand diſcover Hoards
Of hidden Opulence——Thou canſt be ſecret?

Cima.

Cima. As midnight Silence--Haſt thou ever known,
That Bribes, or Terror, from thoſe Lips detach'd
One Spark of Light to ſhew that deep Concealment
Which thou cou'dſt hope to find in niceſt Prudence?

Cim. The King, whom every weak Imagination
Slackens from Manhood, burns for beauteous *Imma.*

Cima. Indulge his Folly—*Imma* is purſued
By every Fool's Ambition.

Cim. While that Rage
Diverts his weaken'd Reaſon from briſk Action,
While every Trace is loſt in Diſſolution,
May we not ſteal Deſtruction on that Head,
That bars the Progreſs of our juſt Deſigns?

Cima. He loves thee much of late, and daily warms
With new Affection; what can *Iaxon* give
Of higher Value, than the ſacred Honour
Of Dignity Pontifical?

Cim. The Gifts
Of tott'ring Power, and falling Grandeur bear
The Stamp of him, whoſe Imbecility
Leſſens the Prize---Beneficence,
And Kindneſs in a Fool, are Childrens Bubbles,
That burſt in Air---The Voice of Prudence tells,
That every Action, which appears benevolent,
And may be thought to take its Riſe from Virtue,
And flow from Candour in the Heart of Man,
Springs from another Source, and owes its Birth
To Views of their own Intereſt---All Tie,
And every Form of Obligation, binds
No longer than we find its Product uſeful;
A dwindling Monarch can ſecure no Gifts,---
Then let the Caitiff periſh.

Cima. Stratagem,
And Wiles ſeem vain, to perfect the Deſign,
His Fate eludes our Art, nor have we found
The Point, where Deſtiny has fix'd his Ruin.

Cim. What ſay the Brotherhood? Haſt thou ex-

The Uſe of Secrecy and Diligence?
Or I am wrong in Judgment, or that Stranger,
Who by our Miniſter's Decree prepares
To worſhip at *Elzora*'s Tomb, well ſuits
My ſecret Purpoſes.

Cima. That Youth,
Whoſe Soul in Fervour of Religion rais'd,
And in the Thirſt of warm Devotion burning,
Drinks the full Draught of ſuperſtitious Zeal,
And deep devours th' intoxicating Mixture;
Shew, but th' Appearance of ſome pious Reaſon,
His Hands ſhall execute the boldeſt Deed,
That thought can form.

Cim. This Tool, whoſe Point and Edge,
We whet and guide ourſelves, muſt do the Work.
Th' Imperial Crown can never be confirm'd
On *Icaon*'s Head, till *Zanchi*, *China*'s Lord,
Dies by the Poignard.

Cima. But a Woman's Hand
Muſt give the Blow, for ſo ſays Prophecy.

Cim. What know you not that Mariners, who watch
The riſing Gale, can make the Wind, that blows
But from one Point, direct to different Ports,
As Trade requires its Service, are not we
By Function, Pilots of prophetick Words?
Explain, diſpoſe, invert, replace, and turn them,
As Time, Convenience, or Neceſſity
Requires their Aim directed---*China*'s Crown
Muſt by the Right of Strength devolve
To *Icaon*---Our Intereſt and Profit
Ariſe from his Succeſs, and to that End
Be all our Arts employ'd---Haſt thou with Force
Of ſtrong Perſuaſion wrought on *Imma*?—Thine
Is every Art of ſoft convincing Speech,
And ſubtle Argument—I've often known
Reſiſtance by thy Rhetorick inverted,
Submiſſive Change, and be itſelf Compliance.

Cima.

Cima. The ſlacken'd Sinews of her yielding Heart
Obey'd, when flatt'ring Hope of Empire ſhew'd
The dear, alluring Proſpect—To command,
And govern, is the chief Ambition
Of every female Heart—At ſilent Hour
Of Midnight Watch, this very Night, the Guards
From *Icaon*'s Camp detach'd receive her,
As I convey her thro' the Weſtern Gate,
And all is regularly fix'd.

Cim. Thus far,
Our outward Lines are ſafe—Quick Circumſpection
May ſteer us now in every well known Path
Of Plots, whoſe Births and Periods we fulfil,
And form at Pleaſure.

Cima. Hollow, feeble Minds,
Whoſe irreſiſting void Capacity
Contains no Vigour, like a Foe too weak,
Leſſen the Glory of a Conqueſt—Fear,
In its own Nature, vanquiſhes that Breaſt,
Where we foment it.

Cim. Conſcious of the Weight
Of that important Paſſion, gently ſpread
That profitable Seed—The Soil
Fit for its Growth is found in every Man,
Who breathes the vital Air—Thus, while we tread
In ſilent Ways of undermining Craft,
Screen'd by the Virtues of thoſe holy Prieſts,
Whoſe Purity adorns our Tribe—Secure,
We in their Sunſhine move, their dazling Light
Caſts a bright Luſtre on our Actions, ſafe,
And undiſcern'd, we lull the gaping Throng,
And lead them at our Will. [*Exeunt.*

E N D of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Draws and discovers the Prime Minister's Apartment, SAPHIR, *several Messengers and Attendants about him.*

Sap. WHAT, does the daring Villain still refuse
To yield submissive, when the Lord of *China*
Sends peaceful Offers?—Can a Band of Slaves,
Forc'd by the Traitor *Icaon*, persist
In Riot and Disturbance?—told you not
The Wrath of Kings, or Majesty incens'd,
Is not a Play-thing to be trifled with!

Mess. He heard our Monarch's Name with Scorn;
—repeated,
And spoke it with Derision——Mildness,
And reasonable Words were to his Ears,
A Tale of scoffing Merriment——A Story
For Jest and Laughter fitted.

Sap. Strait depart,
Each to your different Offices——Do thou
Return to *Icaon*'s Camp——and as his Heart
Has lost each Sense of Reason, and Humanity,
Tempt him with Gold, that sordid Argument!
But strong, and weighty,——to the narrow Mind,
That knows no purer Blessing.—Thou, *Tabor*, haste,
Where *Fohi*'s warlike Host, like verbal Tides
Spreads with unconquerable Rage——and there,
As you the various Reasons lay before him,
And artfully comment on every Phrase
In those Proposals intimated. Add,
That Glory gain'd by Conquest, truly weigh'd,
Is, but a worthless Prize, how meanly vile,
When founded on the Crime of Usurpation.

[*Exeunt Messengers.*

En-

Enter PHARAZ.

Phar. O Godlike *Saphir!* griev'd at Heart I see,
The heavy Load of Diſcontentment haag
On thy afflicted Soul——depreſs'd with Cares,
No longer can thy honeſt Heart withſtand,
A join'd Confederacy of Evils:
When every Scheme thy Prudence can conceive
By Vice, or Folly croſt, abortive fails.

Sap. If Heaven has in its juſt Awards decreed
To ſhatter ſome devoted Empire's Frame,
Down comes each direful Inſtrument of Fury,
Diſcord, and Fraud, and Treachery, compound
Th' inſinuated Poiſon—weak Imprudence,
And common Ignorance, impute the Fault
To Miniſterial Falſhood, nor conſider,
That Stateſmen at the Helm preſiding,
Are at the beſt, but Cauſes ſecondary:
Too oft the genuine Springs of Turbulence
Flow from the lofty Mountain's Head.

Pha. Amus'd
With Tales, and fabulous Narrations, loſt
In Indolence, and Inactivity,
He moves, and thinks, juſt as the Pontiff's will,
Or urges, or reſtrains him.

Sap. The Faults of Kings
Proceed not always from themſelves alone,
I know, that *Cimri* can with niceſt Skill,
Compound ſweet Adulation—Where's that Man,
Whoſe Breaſt is Proof againſt th' inchanting Charms
Of gentle, pleaſing Flatt'ry?

Pha. My worthy Lord,
When Love of Arms, and Courage ſhou'd ſupport
Our Monarch thro' a Flood of Dangers, faint,
And daſtardly irreſolute, he ſeeks
To prop his Weakneſs by a Woman's Aid.
He raves on *Imma*, and her reſtleſs Mind,

O much I fear it breeds ſome dark Deſign
Of ſhameful Treachery—O fatal Hour!
That firſt reveal'd her on the diſtant Shore
Of *Macao*'s Iſle.

Sap. A Birth of Eminence,
And royal Parentage had well befitted
The rich Endowments of *Aliza*'s Mind,
Cou'd Juſtice turn th' unequal Scale of Fortune.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Lord *Saphir*, by the King's Command, I come
To ſummon you, that ſtraitway, you appear
Before his awful Majeſty—Lord *Cimri*,
And all the ſecret Counſellors are met.

Sap. Expect me there, and ſoon. Depart—I like not
Thoſe Calls ſo prompt; thoſe ſudden Embaſſies
Shew Sickneſs in the State—Thy Honeſty,
Is at this Moment to my Soul more grateful,
Than all that Grandeur can beſtow—That Bliſs
Is fleeting, but the Truth unchangeable,
Is permanent, and ſure; with Diligence
Explore, what new Reſolves, our Royal Maſter
Invents, or ſtrives to execute—while I
Waſted in Thought, and weary of Reflection,
Contrive Expedients, new and various,
And catch at every Hope. [*Exit.* Pharez.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. Some noble Lords
Demand Admittance.

Sap. Lead them forward. [*Exit Attendant.*

Enter

Enter DARIMA, MIRZA, *several Noblemen and Attendants.*

Mir. O truly virtuous, most noble Lord!
Defend thy Country's Safety, guard us, save
Our Lives, our Liberties.
Dari. O Prop of *China!*
O Father of thy Country! keep, support us.
Mir. The Mandarins of *China* prostrate here, [*they kneel.*
Who never bent an humble Knee before
This dismal Period of Unhappiness,
Implore thy Aid!
Sap. Alas! my Friends,
My Peers in Honour once, my Equals now,
In wretched Toils, in Woe, and painful Cares.
Let not too bold a Confidence engage ye,
To fix an Anchor of Security,
On the weak Hopes of *Saphir*'s baffled Pow'r.

Enter a Herald in Black.

Hera. My Lord, commission'd from the Royal Throne,
I bear this Mandate——here our Emperor
Has specified your Punishment——Delay,
And stubborn Disobedience are your Crimes.

[Saphir *reads a Parchment, which he shews him.*

Sap. Sign'd by the Hand of *Zanchi*,—ha!
Hera. My Lord,
The King by your Misconduct mov'd to Wrath,
Confirm'd your Dignity on noble *Cimri*,
And orders you to Banishment.
Mir. My Lord,
If by unthinking wild Temerity——

Dari. Of baſe Suggeſtion from the wicked Hearts
Of falſe, deſigning Men, great *Zanchi*'s Mind
Forgetful of thy Virtues———

Sap. Then witneſs it thou Eſſence, pure Divine,
Whoſe knowing Search explores the ſilent Thoughts
Clos'd in the ſeal'd-up Heart; no latent Fraud,
No ſilent Crime, no private View, conceal'd
In ſmooth Hypocriſy, no Intereſt
On Self-love grounded, ever yet cou'd ſtain
My juſt Deportment—conſcious Innocence
Is now too weak a Bulwark—if the Monarch's Wrath
Pronounces Vengeance, that alone confirms
The Guilt of Subjects! Right, and Wrong, with Kings
Have no intrinſic Note, no Form ſpecifick
Your lofty Rank, and high Pre-eminence,
Admits you to the Council—There relate
Your piteous Tale—The Name of *Saphir* now,
Is but an empty Word, a ſounding Echo,
To the loſt Subſtance of Authority. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Portico.*

Enter XURY, *in a rich* Chineſe *Habit, (and Attendants) with a Letter in his Hand.*

———

Xury. (reads) Attend the Signal of the ſecond Watch,
Then follow *Imma*, who is ever thine.
Thus the ſmooth Traces of her curious Hand
In Figures beauteous, as that lovely Artiſt,
Whoſe Skill conjoin'd them—Charming *Imma*, thus,
Expreſſes Love to her beloved *Xury*.———
Strait to my burniſh'd Chariot join the Steeds
For Expedition fitteſt. (*Ex. Attendants*) *Aſia*'s Pride!
O faireſt Form! O richeſt Store of Power!
Thou Source of Empire, and thou World of Love.

Enter

Enter CIMAREZ, FOZA, *and other Prieſts.*

Cima. Be ſtedfaſt to your Truſts, and faithfully
Your Office execute, the weighty Charge
Requires your Diligence, good Fathers, here,
The Scheme of your Performance is denoted,
And in this Schedule regularly fix'd:
Depart, and at the ſtated Moment, lead
The Stranger to *Elzora*'s Tomb, depart,
Obey, be punctual. [*Exit Prieſts.*

Xury. Good *Cimarez*,
Not all the Stores, that *India*'s Mines conceal,
Can juſtly recompence thy friendly Care.

Cima. Thine be the Royal Maid, the nobleſt Prize——
And richeſt Booty, that the wide-ſtretch'd Earth,
Thro' all the Regions of the World contains.

Xury. Sweet are the Comforts of returning Hope,
The Springs of Life in Heart reviving Streams
Diffuſe their gentle Heat to cheer me—Love
Preſents its voluntary Joys, and Crowns
Wait for my Acceptation.

Enter CIMRI *at a Diſtance.*

Cima. Slow Delays
Are dangerous, in high Events—Fortune
Preſents this ſignal Opportunity.
Fly to thy Bliſs.—And happieſt of Men,
When the mild Gales of ſweet Proſperity,
Conduct thee gently to the wiſh'd-for Port,
Of Honour and Command ſupreme, remember,
That heedleſs of Reward, thy *Cimarez*
Has prov'd a faithful Friend. [*Exit* Xury.

Cimri. Preſumptuous Fool!
So, when with keen Sagacity, we find,
What darling Paſſion reigns in every Heart,
Whoſe Ruin, we deſign, the deſtin'd Work,
We readily conſummate. [*Cima.*

Cima. Raging Love
Heighten'd to Madneſs, vain, ambitious Pride
Are Earthquakes, that ſhall ſwallow him.
Cim. The Stores
Of *Aſia* now are mine, the Management
Of regal Funds, is, what I long deſir'd.
Cima. Expos'd to hoſtile Arms, he ſoon muſt ſink
In Toils unuſual.
Cim. Are the Rites prepar'd?
Haſt thou prepar'd the ceremonial Pomp
With all that ſolemn Decency of Show,
That can inſpire religious Raptures? Say,
Has *Oria* learn'd with Art and Energy,
With awful, and perſuaſive Sound to ſpeak
The Words we taught her?
Cima. *China*'s living Queen
Had never ſuch an Air of Majeſty,
And *Oria* in the Royal Robe attir'd,
Appears the very Phantom of *Elzora.*
Cim. Thy Speed is earneſt—haſt thou undermin'd
Old rigid *Saphir?* his rank Honeſty,
And ſtiff-neck'd Perſeverance in the Rules
Of ſtubborn Virtue, ſeem invincible.
Haſt thou not yet prevail'd to fix his Ruin?
What has the king reply'd?
Cima. Can high Command,
And Grandeur next to Royalty, content
Thy humble Spirit? Canſt thou bear the Weight
Of Dignity ſupreme? Or meekly deign to ſtand
In Honours next to *China*'s mighty Lord.
Cim. Thou talkſt in Tropes and Figures, ſay, relate.
Cima. Then from my Hands receive this ſacred Staff,
This Royal Badge of prime Authority:
Such is thy Monarch's Will—and tho' thy Head
Vers'd in th' inſtructive School of wiſe Experience,

Knows

Knows all the Round of Wiſdom, kindly hear
What warm Affection prompts me to perſuade thee:
Aſſume the beauteous Maſk of Honeſty,
For Vice is loathſome, when too palpable,
Seem ever fervent for the publick good.
When Matters of minute Concern require it,
Be then extravagantly Juſt, debate,
And wrangle then in Rants impetuous,
And chuſe for thy Example, Preſidents
Refin'd in Elegance, and nice in Wit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Temple.*

A Proceſſion of Prieſts dreſs'd in various Habits, after the Eaſtern Manner, they move ſlowly round the Tomb, with ſoft Muſick; HERMON *is led by four Attendants, a Garland on his Head, and a Wand in his Hand, (at the Word,* Strike,*) which is pronounc'd by an Aſſiſtant, they all go off, but* HERMON, *who ſtrikes the Tomb with his Wand, which opens and diſcovers* ORIA, *as a Queen crowned, and ſcepter'd.*

Her. I ſhudder in Amazement,——Keep
This Remnant of Exiſtence whole——protect
My Innocence all ſeeing Heaven!
Queen. Stranger, whom pious Virtue led,
By ſtrong Religion bound,
Attend this Order from the Dead,
And hear the fatal Sound.
If poor *Elzora*'s reſtleſs Pains
Thy tender Pity move,
Know, that while cruel *Zanchi* reigns,
My Soul is doom'd to rove.
Then ſlay the Tyrant with thy Hand,
Nor diſobey the dread Command.

(ALIZA

(ALIZA *appears at a Diſtance.*)

Her. Call you not *Hermon*, Brother;——falls the Name
Of Kindred ſmother'd in the dark Abodes
Of Death, that Cavern of Oblivion.

(*Scene cloſes as* HERMON *advances to it.*)

Stay,
Elzora to thy rocky Cabinet,
Receive me, hold me,——Is thy marble Vault,
No more than fleeting Air? Some kindly dawn
Of Comfort calm my Ship-wreck'd Soul—Am I,
That Weather-beaten Vane that marks the Point,
Whence blow the baneful Guſts of Winds envenom'd?

(ALIZA *advances to him.*)

Ali. Look on thy once belov'd *Aliza*, ſee,
That blooming Face, you once admir'd,
Paler, than cold deſpair, from livid Death
Diſtinguiſh'd, only by the Senſe of Woe.

Her. Come onward to my Touch—Draw gently near,——
Thou Shadow of a Being once ador'd
By *Hermon*'s Folly——If thou art *Aliza*,
Thou canſt not hurt me——Hence, begone, away,
Vaniſh, or am I in a Charnel Houſe,
Where Elves do ſport around in Midnight Gambols?

Ali. O *Hermon*, *Hermon*, hear me, pity me!

Her. Death, name not *Hermon*, damn'd deſtructive Fiend,
Thou talkative, curs'd Goblin, does not Silence
Dwell in that Region's dark, and hollow Womb,
From whence thou cam'ſt? Yet thou art narrative,
Fall into Diſſolution, Vapours ſprung
From Hell's black, dreary Manſions, thicken'd here,
And curdl'd into Shape—The ſcorching Beams.

(ALIZA

(ALIZA *disappears.*)

Of Phrenzy dart their liquid Flames——The Fire
Glows in my burning Veins—Or point the Way
Propitious Heav'n, or leave forgotten *Hermon*
To blind ungnided Chance. [*Exit.*

SCENE *opens, and discovers the Audience-Chamber in the Royal Palace.* ZANCHI *on his Throne,* CIMRI *on his Right Hand, several Mandarins on Seats below, Guard and Attendants.*

Zan. No more—If in your darken'd muddy Brains,
The Vapours of dull Melancholy nurs'd,
Breed frightful Spectres of Despair, reserve
Your Tale of Horror, form'd from vain Conceits
To cheat the weak and undiscerning Ears
Of soft Credulity——Lord *Darima,*
And thou, Lord *Mirza,* know ye, that base Fears,
In Whines and Lamentations utter'd,
Are no Regale for Monarchs—Know, your Thoughts,
The fram'd Conceptions of your Minds, when thus
You waste them on yourselves, are robb'd
From my Prerogative—Were all this Care
Expended on your Royal Master, well, that Tale
Might merit our Attention.

Cim. Paultry Fear,
That double-visag'd Monster, born between
The Fall of Happiness, and Rise of Woe;
Of both participant, to Thrones of Kings
Is dangerous as Pestilence——My Lords,
Your private Interest must ever yield
To what Imperial Majesty directs,
Convenient for your subject Order.

Zan. Go,——
And when you here again deliberate,
Remember, that an awful Silence, shewn
In passive dumb Obedience, shall avail
More, than the Speech of Importunity
Lengthen'd to dull Harangues. [*Exeunt.*

ZANCHI *and* CIMRI.

Cim. Curſe on the daſtard Slaves, their Arrogance
Shews the rough Diſcipline of ſtubborn *Saphir*.

Zan. My Friend—The coarſer Talents of his Mind
Are better ſuited to ſome Wilderneſs;
Deafen'd with ill Reports, I too long heard
That irkſome Meſſenger of Evils—Now,
My Thoughts unbrac'd, and looſe in Indolence,
Shall glide in gentle Inactivity,
This was their wonted Current—Golden Dreams,
Are the ſweet Fruits of mild Security,
Since beauteous *Imma*, by thy pious Care
Wrought to Compliance, bends to my Deſire;
Fix'd as old Firmament, my Glories ſtand,
In everlaſting firm Duration.

Cim. Meek,
And paſſive to thy royal Will, ſhe yields.
I level'd all the Batteries of Shame,
And Virgin Modeſty—Defenceleſs now,
Imma is all thine own.

Zan. My Friend,
Nerve of my Heart, and Vigour of my Soul!
Thy downy Speeches, mild as Evening Gales,
Spread comfortable Joys around me.

Cim. Fond
To ſerve my Prince, and forward his Deſires,
I took the Reins of Government—Invent
New Pleaſures to content thy Soul, and find
Thy Servant truſty in the niceſt Trial.

Zan. Thou kind Ingredient, mingled in the Frame
Of *Zanchi*'s Compoſition—When thy Zeal
Secures the royal Fair, then may'ſt thou find
Unbounded Friendſhip here; ſuch Stores of Love,
As thou haſt yet but ſlightly taſted—Now,
Let *Icaon* roar loud, as his boiſt'rous Seas,
And whining *Saphir* call aloud on Heaven,
To plead, and witneſs his injurious Wrongs:
Do thou thy Fondneſs, and thy Zeal impart,
And rule new Kingdoms in thy *Zanchi*'s Heart.

[*Exit* Zanchi.

(CIMRI

(CIMRI *aſcends the Royal Seat.*)

Cim. 'Tis but an eaſy Step, and where's that Difference
Between a Cipher loaded with the Robes
Of Royalty, a formal Figure deck'd,
In ſingular Array and Attitude,
And him, whoſe more than regal Pow'r controuls
The Tinſel Phantom at his pleaſure—Then, [*riſing.*
If weak Incertitude attend the Prize,
To Thrones farewel, and Diadems be worn
By him, who liſteth.

Enter CIMAREZ.

Cimarez, thy Craft,
Thy Induſtry is now of ſignal Uſe,
Are Politicians thus perplex'd?—If Art
Surmounts one Difficulty, as by Spell,
Or magic Charm, ſome new Perplexity
Starts to confound my Quiet—*Zanchi*'s Soul
Thirſts for the beauteous *Imma*—To amuſe,
And keep the Current of his Paſſion bent
On this wild Dream of Folly—To divert
His wand'ring Intellects from due Reflection,
And ſink him in a Trance of heedleſs Joy,
I promis'd him the beauteous Maid—To palliate
And cover with ſome Shadow of Pretext,
This Fraudulence to gild it decently,
Racks my Invention.

Cima. Princely State,
And regal Pow'r have weaken'd thee in Thought,
A Mind extravagantly warm'd by ſtrong Deſire,
Is impotent of due Attention—Young *Aliza*
With meek Reſpect, and awful Reverence,
Will patiently ſubmit, and hear, and follow
That Order, whoſe Purſuit with ſweeten'd Look,
And upcaſt Eye, the Pontiff's ſacred Lips,
Shall with an Air of Holineſs impoſe.
Let her in courtly Robe at midnight Hour,
Be ſilently convey'd to *China*'s Lord,

And be the promis'd *Imma*—New Events
Require unwearied Labour.—Then repoſe,
When on the Head of warlike *Icaon*
The Crown of *China*'s fix'd—that happy Hour
Secures our Glory, and confirms thy Pow'r.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Icaon's *Camp, in View of his Navy.* Icaon *in his Tent ſurrounded by his Leaders, Inſtruments of War, and Chains lying before him, a drawn Dagger in his hand, a Flouriſh of Martial Muſick.*

Ica. No; by the Source of Night, and Horror,
Icaon
Can never ſtoop to Flexibility,
Or faintly treat on Terms effeminate:
Entreaties ſoft, and calm Remonſtrances,
Are Muſick ill contriv'd to ſerenade
An Ear accuſtom'd to the Sounds of Tumult.—
If *China*'s Emperor demands a Truce,
Why, let this Dagger the Condition ſeal.—
Is the laſt Faction quell'd? My Friends, Sedition
Is a deſtructive Weed, whoſe nervous Roots
Forſake not eaſily the Soil, where firſt
Its ſtubborn Fibres ſhoot.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. From *Pequin* ſent,
A Meſſenger demands to ſee your Grandeur,
He brings a large Account of mighty Offers
From the Imperial Court.——
Ica. Thoſe puny Slaves
(Detach'd thus ſingly by their Maſter) ſtil'd
Ambaſſadors, ſhou'd meet the juſt Reward
Of their Preſumption, and Impertinence,
If their Minuteneſs cou'd be thought to merit
The Ceremony of an Execution.
Avaunt!—Nor, let thoſe importuning Vaſſals,
Teize me with idle Tales and empty Sounds

Of

Of Quietneſs, Forbearance, Peace.—Be gone!
And ſuch a Tale infuſe of ghaſtly Terror,
[*Exit Officer.*
Whoſe Force ſhall rend his feeble Frame.—My
Friends,
Neceſſity and Toil ſhou'd form your Minds,
Wary as Fear, but bold as Arrogance.
Let Mutiny be in its Source oppos'd,
The Seeds of Faction yield a golden Harveſt,
But be the Product reap'd in foreign Soil,
And there encourage it—to *Fohi*'s Camp,
To *Nankin*, and to *Foquian* haſte, depart,
And as your Speeches move their Hearts to fear,
Repeat the Name of *Icaon*,—that Sound,
Can damp the boldeſt Courage—fill their Ears
With Tales of frightful Incidents—proclaim,
That *Icaon*'s Banners borne by Victory,
Thro' waſted Palaces, Provinces, and Towns
In Ruin hideous ever onward fly,
Nor ſtop, till Earth's remoteſt Limits ſearch'd,
Pronounce an End to Slaughter, Foes, and Conqueſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet ICAON, *Enter* VORACIO.

Voracio, welcome—well thy harden'd Spirit
Has thrown aſide the whining Idleneſs
Of weak Remorſe unmanly, obdurate
And ſtiff, thou boldly braveſt all Attacks
Of mean Compunction; I could ſwear thee firm
And honeſt—Is it not reported, that
The young Prince of *Tartary*, that *Fohi*
Has ſeiz'd the Northern Provinces?
Vora. His Arms
Are crown'd with Victory, and his wide Camp
Is ſtretch'd from *Nankin*'s Walls, to *Foquian*'s
Bounds,
Now on To-morrow's Dawn, his hardy Troops
Oppoſe the Forces of the Traitor *Lye*,
Who from a hireling Soldier, rais'd to Offices
Of Truſt ſuperior, form'd unbounded Hopes,
Aſpiring to a Diadem, that Nature,

Nor

Nor Fortune, never, yet design'd for Slaves
Of his low Kind.
Ica. Voratio, urge not
Reflexions, that may border close, or press too near
On our own Business—all Men are equal,
And differ only by some Accident,
Or Chance fortuitous—high-sceptre'd Tyrants
Have dwindl'd to the lowest Servitude.
Why then may Servitude not be exalted,
To fill a vacant Space of Monarchy?
And every Throne is vacant, when the Prince
No longer can defend it—*Zanchi*'s Crown
Must drop from that weak Head, whose crasy Brain
Contains not Strength enough to bear it up.
Then, let that downcast Windfall recompence
The bravest Fellow.
Vora. What can Empire give
More than unbounded Stores, and Wealth redundant?
Leave the deceitful Pageantry of Thrones
To paultry Courtiers; such Enjoyments suit
Their Composition delicate—the Trade
Of Piracy excludes the downy Couch,
Ermine and pamper'd Ease.
Ica. Voracio,
Some ruling Principle supports the Fraud
In all Communities—the Lawyer thrives
On his rich Client's Ignorance and Folly:
The lower live by Craft, the loftier Tribe,
Swell into Grandeur by rank Villany;
And what are all those wily Knaves, *Voracio*,
But civil Pirates? from the vilest Swab,
Who tugs an Oar in *Icaon*'s Fleet, distinguish'd
By this one Difference, that publick Laws
Have not, as yet excluded them from Commerce
In Nations governed by Rules political.
My weighty Force, or stronger Violence
Imposes Law on Laws, and breaks the Tenor
Of all their stiff Formality.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Great Sir,
A ſudden Change of Offices at Court,
And favouring, concurring Circumſtances
Shew, that indulgent Fortune throws on *Icaon*
Supreme Command and Empire—*China*'s Realm
Was by the Gift of Prophecy conferr'd
On him, who weds young *Imma*, laſt Deſcendant
Of *Tohu*'s Race—Lord *Cimri* now advanc'd
To baniſh'd *Saphir*'s Place, ſecures that Prize,
To ſatisfy your Wiſhes—late at Midnight Hour,
And negligent of *Zanchi*'s Love, ſhe ſtole
Thro' *Pequin*'s Gate, and ere this Day ſhall cloſe,
The charming Virgin enters *Icaon*'s Camp,
Freighted with Majeſty and Love.

Ica. Then, as thou know'ſt the courtly Etiquate,
The Modes of Princely Ceremonials, guide
Her ſtately Train in curious Decency,
As the gay Pomp, my rang'd Battalions view,
And wond'ring on the lovely Object gaze,
There ſhall the wearied Veteran behold,
His Length of Toils rewarded; thou ſhalt change
The duſty *Cuiraſs* for ſofter Covering
Of *Ermine* Robe—I now cou'd wiſh *Voracio*,
That the ſoft Prelude of engaging Love
Preceded this Enjoyment bluntly offer'd,
To glut an Appetite, that never felt
The Senſe of eager Hunger—Whining Swains
May rove in endleſs Circuits—My Strength
And over-bearing Force—invert the Rules
Of common Accidents, and in that Point,
Great *Icaon* begins, where the full Pride
Of meaner Mortals wou'd with Tranſport end.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Gallery.*

Enter HERMON *and* PHAREZ, *at oppoſite Doors.*

HERMON.

" THEN ſlay the Tyrant with thy Hand,
" Nor diſobey the dread Command.
Elzora, blame me not, accuſe not *Hermon*,
Nor let thy pious Soul believe me guilty
Of ſhameful Indolence, or baſe Neglect.
The firſt Attempts have fail'd—The wiſeſt Schemes,
That human Skill can form, are often croſs'd,
And fall unprofitable.

Pha. Words combin'd,
And link'd in curious Order, Artifice,
And Ornaments of Speech are Talents known
To thoſe, who baſely hire their venal Tongue,
And by the varniſhing of Falſhood draw,
A ſhameful Suſtenance for worthleſs Life.

Her. But, when the Floods of Difficulty roll
In Surges inſurmountable, then ſinks
The nobleſt Heart, that ever yet cou'd warm
The manlieſt Breaſt.

Pha. Blunt Honeſty expounds
The Truth in natural Simplicity,
And thus, perchance, may terrify the Mind,
It cou'd have gain'd with ſweeten'd Art; the Crime
Of deſtin'd Murder wrought up in the Heart
Of virtuous *Hermon*, was a dreadful Scene.
If I in Terms too forcible expos'd
The naked Horrors of that impious Guilt,
'Twas Truth's rough Voice in warm Sincerity.

Her. Know, that while cruel *Zanchi* reigns,
My Soul is doom'd to rove,

Pha. Sorrow
Can purge the foul Impurities of Sin,
Can reconcile us to the Wrath of Heav'n;
And is there any Breach in Commerce here,
This Mediation may not reunite?

Her. Then take me to thy honeſt Soul—Receive,
And heal me with the Balm of Pity—Damps
Benumb my ſtiffen'd Limbs—Black hideous Murder
Is Work for Aſſaſſins, whoſe lurking Fears
Proclaim not bold Revenge—If Fate has fix'd,
That as a Thief I ſteal upon my Foe,
'Twas wrong ordain'd—If Injuries inflame,
And whip the Spirits up to Rage, the Means
To quell them ſhou'd be noble, juſt, and fair.

Pha. And yet, unſkilful as I am, my Soul
In earneſt Zeal is willing to perſuade thee,
That Virtue, ſtretch'd beyond the Bounds
Of prudent Reaſon, ſoon degenerates,
Weakens the too far lengthen'd Thread of Senſe,
And ſpins it into Madneſs.

Enter ALIZA, *who runs to* HERMON.

Ali. Generous Love,
Confirm'd by all the Ties of Faith, of Truth
Unblemiſh'd, ſeal'd by ſtricteſt Honour, rouz'd
By undeſerv'd Neglect to jealous Rage,
Outſtrips Extravagance.

(HERMON *is going, ſhe ſtops him.*)
No! by that high Throne
Where Love was firſt conceiv'd, where ſacred Fire
Of pure Affection burns in Flames, unmix'd
With earthly Droſs, and therefore everlaſting.

Her. Attend this Summons from the Dead,
And hear the fatal Sound?

Ali. O royal, lovely Prince!
Hermon! depreſs not with thy Diſregard
A Wretch, whom Breath alone diſtinguiſhes,
And ſevers from the deadeſt Maſs, that lies
Impriſon'd under this cold Surface, where,

Aliza ſhall for ever cleave.

Pha. Freedom,
And Liberty, that beauteous wide Extent,
Where happy Spirits roll from narrow Bounds,
And Chains of Slavery enlarg'd, afford not
More perfect Bliſs, than *Pharez* now enjoys,
Reſtor'd to Life, to Friendſhip, and to *Hermon.*

Her. Then my lov'd *Pharez*, my *Aliza* dear,
Whoſe generous Friendſhip, and whoſe ardent Love,
Are Subjects meet for future Story—Whom,
Nor Time, nor *Hermon*'s abject State cou'd change,
Pardon, if heavier Weight of cogent Cares,
Of fervent Zeal, by potent Energy
Of awful Duty, and Religion rais'd,
Dazzled my Underſtanding in that Flaſh,
And ſtronger Glare confus'd.

Ali. O princely Youth!
If to evade thy fond *Aliza*'s Search,
To fly her cloſe Purſuit, that outward Sheath,
This *Chineſe* Garb effeminate, and thrown
Athwart thy manly Shoulders looſe, diſguiſe thee
For *Imma*'s happier Arms deſign'd——

Pha. If crafty Prieſts
By pious Fraud, myſterious Fallacy,
By vain and ſuperſtitious Fear, miſguide
Thy Judgment into Error, prudently
Avoid the mad Extreme, by Reaſon arm'd,
And wiſe Diſcernment.

Her. Thy ill-tim'd Counſel
Adds Fuel to my Rage, thy Diffidence,
Weak Woman, is an Argument, that thou
Diſtruſted *Hermon*'s Honour—Friendſhip, Love,
Are poor Engagements narrowly confin'd
To human Traffick, trivial and mean;
Then trade on that low Coin of Life, exchange
And barter that vain periſhable Ware——
The firm Decrees of Heav'n immoveable,
Are nobler Entertainments for the Mind.
Inferior Paſſions mixt with foul Allay,
Soon periſh, like their ſhort-liv'd Principles;

But

But thoſe, that from a Birth celeſtial riſe,
Are everlaſting, like their Parent Heav'n.

Pha. What pity is it, that the Heav'n-born Soul,
The Seat of Judgment, and the Throne of Reaſon,
Thus ſhaken from its Baſe, from beauteous Form,
And fair Appearance of a Frame divine,
Shou'd moulder into ſhapeleſs Ruin.

Ali. Not all the Pomp
Of *Zanchi*'s Royal Race, nor *China*'s Diadem
Can recompenſe the fatal Havock made
In his perverted Reaſon—Deſolation
Has nought ſo hideous in her ghaſtly Ruins,
And all her horrid Wrecks, as Power and Uſe
Of this prime Faculty deſtroy'd in Man,
The Soul's ſtrong Brightneſs overcaſt—Some Fiend
Has ſpread the Poiſon of Diſorder round,
And all is one Confuſion—Virtue is now no Refuge,
Even thy Honeſty is but a feeble Fence againſt the Torrent
Of general Corruption—Might ſupreme!
On me let all thy Vengeance pour, if nought
But *Hermon*'s Fall can ſatisfy thy Wrath,
Too precious is that lovely Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* ICAON's *Camp.*

ICAON *in his Tent, and* IMMA.

Ica. Thy wondrous Tale, with new Variety,
Delights me with Surprize—Viciſſitude
Is the Embroidery of human Life;
And Stories, whoſe enamell'd Changes ſhew
Unknown Events, and Revolutions new,
Are pleaſing to my Fancy—Say, relate,
Far as thy Recollection can unfold,
What in the ſilent Shade of earlieſt Time
Lies deepeſt clos'd.

Imm. Moſt powerful *Icaon*,
My Lord and Huſband now—what I have told
Of *Zanchi*'s royal State, of high Magnificence,
Of *China*'s radiant Throne, of Pleaſures join'd,

In circling Pleaſures— This, with Mien compos'd
And Ears attentive to the ſoft Amuſement,
Thou haſt with Patience heard—Not ſo, when late
On yeſter Eve I ſpoke of *Macao*'s Iſle,
With watchful Eagerneſs, thy whole Attention
Dwell'd on each falling Word.
Ica. I once have ſeen,
The fertile Soil of *Macao*'s happy Iſle,
Where wealthy Mariners from *Britain* trade;
Britain, in diſtant *Europe* loudly fam'd
For War and Learning.—Firſt on *Macao*'s Shore,
I learn'd the rugged Exerciſe of Arms,
There, if my Thoughts miſlead not, then I knew
That very *Coſca*, to whoſe Care thou ſay'ſt
Thy Parents at their Death committed thee;
Be more exact, and as Obedience now
Is by the nuptial Tye become thy Duty,
Explain the Story of thy Origin,
In all its native Truth.
Imm. In earlieſt Time
I knew no Parent, but my Mother *Coſca*;
For ſo in tender Years I call'd that Woman,
Whoſe fond Endearments, Tenderneſs, and Love,
Shall never from my Mind depart—As Time
Ripen'd my Senſe to Obſervation—Soon
I found that *Coſca* was my Governeſs,
That I was ſprung from *Tobu*'s Royal Race,
And that my Parents, whom the Fate of War
Had chas'd from *Foquian*'s Land to ſeek for Refuge
In *Macao*'s Iſland, ſnatch'd by ſudden Death,
Left me an Orphan there.
Ica. Had *Coſca* then a Daughter?
Imm. Why, my Lord, thus ſudden, raſh, and ſullen
In thy Queſtions?
Ica. Where's *Aliza?*
Was ſhe not in thoſe Days to *Pequin* ſent,
Or talk'd not *Coſca* of her Huſband?
Imm. Time
Has worn thoſe Traces out——Can *Icaon* think,
That low and abject Themes, that Thoughts minute

On

On common Accidents of childiſh Days,
Can pleaſe an elevated Mind, that knows
That Power, which Fate and Prophecy confirm
In me alone——Can puny Cares moleſt
A Man of War and Courage.

Icq. Thoſe laſt Words,
Which *Coſca* ſaid at thy Departure, tell;
Thou ſay'ſt, a Flood of Tears with Sighs betray'd
A Mother's warm Affection.

Imm. *Coſca* then,
In that laſt Hour, theſe Eyes beheld her ſpeak,
As anxious Mothers do——With fond Embrace,
She preſs'd me in her Arms, bedew'd my Face
With flowing Tears—and ſaid—"Remember well,
"That *Gaſper* is thy Father"—At that Name,
Why ſtart you in Confuſion?—Firm in Bliſs,
Poſſeſs inviting Joys, and ſure Repoſe,
Supported by my Power—Diffidence,
And wav'ring Thoughts, and feeble Doubts, were made
For mean and groveling Mortals—*Icaon*'s Bride,
Can with a Nod impoſe Obedience
On Fate and Fortune.

Ica. To the female Crew,
Hence to thy noiſy Tribe of idle Women,
Away thou Fiend of Evil—*Coſca*—*Gaſper*——
[*Exit* Imma.

Enter VORACIO.

"Remember well, that *Gaſper* is thy Father.
That Viper in my Boſom lodg'd, *Voracio*,
Was by the Miniſtry of Devils ſent
To dart the pois'nous Venom of Suſpicion,
And blended thro' the ſad Variety
Of all my Thoughts confus'd.

Vora. Thy Grandeur now
Fix'd, as old Firmament ſhall ſtand the Shock
Of even all-devouring Time——Secur'd
By Royal *Imma*, mount the Throne of *Zanchi*,
Tread on the Necks of Tributary Kings,
And ſee the World obey.

Ica.

Ica. I thought, *Voracio*,
That, if my circling Arms cou'd once ſurround
That Woman, Bliſs ſhou'd from that Moment flow
From her, whom, I believ'd the Source
Of everlaſting Happineſs——My Fears
Diſcloſe a Scene of Horror——That ſame *Coſca*,
Whoſe Care of her, thou oft has heard her tell,
Was ſuch, as Mothers to their Infants uſe,
That *Coſca* was my Wife, *Voracio*,
When I in *Macao* dwelt——I left her there,
And had a Daughter then.

Vora. A reſtleſs Mind
Can raiſe imaginary Doubts, and form
Deſtruction for itſelf.

Ica. Has *Icaon* ſtoop'd
To cringe for Succour to a Woman?——Death!
Why over *Foquian*'s Lands, and *Nankin*'s Plains,
Command I Legions diſciplin'd?——In vain,
My floating Squadrons ſurround the Coaſts,
With moving War——What new Succeſs?
How is my Northern Camp diſpos'd?——What Tale
From the young *Tartar* Prince?

Vora. The laſt Accounts
Proclaim him Lord of all the Provinces
Beyond the Bounds of *Nankin*.

Ica. There direct
The Flood of War, and let that daring Youth
Know, that a Flaſh of Courage ſoon expires,
That caſual Conqueſts, ſuch as he can boaſt,
Are Lures, that draw the unexperienc'd Soldier
To Ruin in unwary Confidence.
Away, and preſs the Day of Battle——There,
Let Fortune in the bloody Field decide,
What *Icaon*'s Sword deſerves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Temple.*

Enter CIMAREZ, *and* ALIZA. [ſing

Cima. Thy Words are true, and ſuch, as Angels
Of holy *Cimri*'s Worth; believe, *Aliza*,
What ſacred Prophecy from ev'ry Shrine
Pronounces awful——Thou haſt ever been Moſt

Moſt kindly cheriſh'd by the Brotherhood,
For thee beneath the Moon's pale ſhadow'd Light,
Thoſe Hands, the myſtic Phillet bound, or wove
The hallow'd Garland form'd in Midnight Shade—
I have, with diligent Obſervance, ſearch'd
All hidden Myſteries, and found *Aliza*,
The Inſtrument by Heaven pointed out
To execute its juſt Decrees, nor fear,
When Precepts giv'n in pure Sincerity,
Command thee to obey——thou ſee'ſt, *Aliza*,
How firmly brave, and reſolutely bold,
That holy Stranger ſtems th' oppoſing Tide
Of difficult Reſiſtance. There thou ſee'ſt,
A fair Example of Obedience, ſhewn
To tempt, and urge thy Soul to Emulation;
And if his Virtue could inflame thy Mind,
And melt thee into Love, can'ſt thou refuſe
To imitate that Man, whom all thy Heart,
And all thy Soul applauds?

Ali. Do Pain,
And Woe, and Puniſhment, purſue the Good
From ſure Neceſſity?——What then do profit
Thoſe godlike Gifts of Purity, which Heaven
Embalms with all its choiceſt Stores of Sweetneſs?
That Youth, whoſe Worth, and Innocence deſerv'd
A milder Fate, cou'd bend even Cruelty
To pity his Diſtreſs.

Cima. Thou cou'dſt, *Aliza*,
Give Succour to that lovely Youth.——Thy Aid
Cou'd ſooth his Phrenzy, gently cou'dſt thou lull,
And calm thoſe whirling Hurricanes, and clear
That Turbulence, that ſwallows up his Thoughts,
And lengthens them from thee——My pious Maid,
Obedient to the ſacred Pontiff's Will,
This Night in Princely Robes array'd, adorn'd,
As Royal *Imma*, (ſo has Heaven ordain'd,
And in the Codes of Truth eternal, ſign'd
The neceſſary Work) thou haſt conſented
To perſonate fair *Imma*.

Ali. Firſt Eſſay
Of criminal Behaviour!

Cima. Gentle Maid,
What, we appoint, from holy Wiſdom ſprings;
Are Actions criminal, when Prudence ſteers,
And Sanctity directs them?

Ali. To what End,
What regular Deſign has Heaven fix'd
A Conſcience in each Boſom to applaud,
Or diſapprove a Deed, whoſe Nature weigh'd,
And ſtated in Deliberation cool,
Appears in lovely Shape, or hideous Form;
If, what our Judgments ſhew deteſtable,
Is in itſelf, perchance, moſt amiable,
And moſt to be purſu'd?

Cima. From Heaven alone
Proceeds th' unerring Rule of Certainty,
And we, the Meſſengers of Truth, expoſe
Its ſacred Views to thee, O choſen Maid!

Enter ſeveral Prieſts.

Hear, what the Reverend Brotherhood ſhall ſpeak,
Nor doubt thoſe holy Oracles——Good Fathers,
Ye know this pious Maid——in brief Diſcourſe,
Say what the Volumes of eternal Fate
Explain to you.

1ſt *Pri.* A Youth, whom Heaven with Pity views
In Toils and Dangers toſt,
An endleſs Work in vain purſues,
By Fate and Fortune croſs'd.

2d *Pri.* This Maid with equal Virtues grac'd,
The goodly Youth admires:

3d *Pri.* And Love has in his Boſom plac'd,
An equal Flame, and equal Fires.

Cima. To ſnatch the pious Youth with Speed,
From Danger and Alarms,
And give him quick from Anguiſh freed,
To fond *Aliza*'s Arms.
The Means, O Men of Prudence, tell,
And all your Knowledge here reveal.

2d *Pri.* This Poignard from an Angel's Hand,
Was to our holy Pontiff giv'n,

Thus *Uriel* ſpoke, whoſe high Command,
Is fear'd on Earth, and prais'd in Heav'n.
This Steel, (*gives her the Dagger*) by good *Aliza*'s Arm,
Deep plung'd in cruel *Zanchi*'s Breaſt,
Shall free her Lover from his Pain,
And give to *China* Peace and Reſt.
1ſt *Pri.* This *Zoroaſter*'s Writing ſaid,
And learn'd *Confucius* told,
This Truth, the Magi have diſplay'd,
And we their Sons unfold.
Ali. Divine Interpreters
Of Words abſtruſe, to you has Heav'n reveal'd,
What prudently from vulgar Eyes conceal'd,
Bound in impenetrable Darkneſs, lies
Beyond the Reach of human Scrutiny.
To yield, and follow, what the Wiſe preſcribe,
Is juſt Humility. My dauntleſs Heart
No longer ſcar'd by weak Remorſe and Fear,
Shall to its Duty fly with nimbler Speed,
Than he, who on celeſtial Wings deſcending,
Has brought the Precept down. [*Exit* Aliza.
Cima. So fares it with the Conſcience ſcrupulous,
That falſly magnifies the ſmalleſt Fault,
Enlarges its Minuteneſs to the Size
Of Crimes enormous—If the Mite perceiv'd,
Appears a Mountain, we with Art invert
The Perſpective, and make the Mountain fall
And dwindle to a Mite; ſo, Vice, and Evil,
Loſe their gigantick Form—one little Blot
Firſt mars the Soul, whoſe Whiteneſs ſullied, once,
Will readily imbibe the fouleſt Stain,
That we for our Convenience ſtamp,
And caſt upon it.
1ſt *Pri.* So by gentle Means,
Is ſtricteſt Virtue in *Aliza*, chang'd
To looſeſt Paſſions.
Cima. Now, my truſty Friends,
Now ſpring new Glories to the Brotherhood,
A feeble Prince, as varying Winds unfix'd,

Fickle, and weak, whoſe wav'ring Fancy chang'd
At every Moment, was too looſe a Prop
For Men of Wiſdom to rely on—Say,
Report they not, that *Oria* has reveal'd,
What to her Secrecy in ſolemn Truſt,
The Brotherhood confided.

Enter ORIA.

1ſt *Pri.* Rage,—what, *Oria* here!

Ori. Stranger, whom pious Virtue led,
Then ſlay the Tyrant with thy Hand,
This the Rehearſal—But the promis'd Gift,
Was faithleſs *Xury*.

Cima. Ill-boding Owl of Darkneſs!

Ori. Robb'd and ſpoil'd
Of Senſe of Life, of *Xury*, why was I
Wheel'd like an Engine, paſſive to the Will
Of cruel Artiſts?

1ſt *Pri.* Wolf in Impudence!
Be dumb, nor tempt the Brotherhood to pour
Juſt Imprecations on thy wretched Tongue,
Loud and loquacious.

Ori. Winds and Elements,
And Light, and Air, and open-mouthed Fame
Shall bear my Story round the liſt'ning World.

Cima. Cou'dſt thou not bind this mad Enthuſiaſt,
Or have our *Acolytes* detach'd a Fury
To haunt my Peace, and to diffuſe a Tale
Of Horror and Reproach?

1ſt *Pri.* Moſt gentle Maid,
Can'ſt thou, whoſe holy Mind was ever bent
To meek Obedience, in a Whim of Thought,
Abandon all thy mild Humility?
An Infant in his Play has oft diſcover'd,
Some innate Marks of future Heroiſm,
And thou haſt perſonated *China*'s Queen
With ſuch a genuine Grace, as if Command
Had been thy Province natural.

2d *Pri.* Nor ſeek thy *Xury* here—Debauch,
Riot and Revelling, thoſe loſty Paſſions

For fine Nobility reſerv'd, detain him
In ſome belov'd Retreat.
Ori. Diſſemblers falſe,
Harden'd in Vice, and mercileſs, inur'd
To rude, unpitying Barbarity,
Whom neither falling Tears, nor melting Sighs,
Can thaw from rigid Cruelty—Revenge
Is the ſole Weapon, that a Woman's Rage
Can wield to vindicate her Wrongs, when Hope
Is drown'd in Diſappointment. [*Exit* Oria.
Cima. Rage away,
Purſue her, this one fatal Incident
Expos'd to publick Notice, would undo
What all our Care and Induſtry have wrought.
2d *Pri.* Fear not our Circumſpection—*Oria*
Is watch'd too cloſely by the Brotherhood,
That Taſk be mine. [*Exit.*

Enter CIMRI.

Cim. My well-beloved Fathers,
And thou, moſt faithful, prudent *Cimarez*,
Whoſe ſure Proſperity has ever been
My earneſt Care—to-morrow's happy Day
Crowns all our Wiſhes.
Cima. What new Account from *Icaon?*
Cim. His Armies march againſt the *Tartar* Prince,
And rage for Battle; one deciſive Hour
Inſures our laſting Peace—Good *Cimarez*,
Thine be the fruitful Lands of *Tunquin*, fam'd
For Wealth, whoſe full luxuriant Harveſt feeds
An hundred Cities, opulent in Trade.
Thus generous *Icaon* rewards thy Love,
And known Fidelity—To you, my Friends,
Belong the flow'ry Meads, and ſpicy Groves
Of *China*'s *Eaſtern* Provinces—The Gifts,
Which *Icaon*'s Authority confirms,
Are ſure and ſtable.
1*ſt Pri.* Who with patient Mind
Cou'd bear the Diſappointments and Delays
In Offices by Faction giv'n, and then,

By ſome Court-Lady's Importunity,
Or by the ſudden Caprice of a Prince,
Unſkill'd in true and uſeful Politicks,
To ſee what ſtrange Viciſſitudes attended
The Favourites, whom *Zanchi* cheriſh'd moſt.

Enter 2d Prieſt.

2*d Pri.* What, ſtand ye thus unactive?—*Cimarez!*
Well did thy wary Vigilance foreſee,
What Scandal and Confuſion might ariſe
To all the Brotherhood from wicked *Oria*,
Mad in the Rage of diſappointed Love,
Wild and extravagant, ſhe roars aloud,
And openly proclaims our Secrets—Now,
She tells them all to *Pharez*, to that Stranger,
Who came to worſhip at *Elzora*'s Tomb:
She found them in the *Weſtern* Piazza,
I heard the Stranger bellow out in Fury,
And damn our Function.

Cim. Wiſe and reverend Fathers,
Why hurry'd, thus, by Apprehenſions vain;
The weak Deſigns of unexperienc'd Fools
Are ever open to Diſcovery:
The Veil they draw on Actions is too thin,
Too ſhallow and tranſparent—Our Purpoſes
Can never fail by trifling Accidents;
Let *Pharez* and the Stranger diſbelieve,
What we have taught them, ſoon the publick Voice
Will name them Miſcreants, nor fear to gain
New Proſelytes at Will—In mortal Life,
We by the ſtricteſt Obſervation ſee,
Superior Strength in Underſtanding, find
A doubtleſs Conqueſt o'er the feeble Mind.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Gallery.*

Enter HERMON *ſolus.*

ARE thoſe, the miſerable Ends, that Man
Purſues with all the loudly boaſted Pride
Of Reaſon? Was this Blaſt of Breath divine,
This heav'nly Soul inſpir'd in mortal Form,
Were all thoſe Intellects, whoſe fancied Glory,
Swells our preſumptive Arrogance, beſtow'd
To make us viler than our Fellow-Creatures?
Or was it for this poor, and mean Deſign,
That Eminence in Underſtanding ſhou'd beget,
An Eminence in artful Villany?

Enter PHAREZ.

What art thou? Man! Impoſtor! form
Some damn'd Deception in thy Brain, and blow it
Into my gaping Ears, and lodge it here,
Where all Deluſion centers.

Pha. Virtuous Prince,
Impute not Falſhood to the Heart of *Pharez*,
Whoſe clean Abodes were ever conſecrated
To the rich Stores of Truth, and Friendſhip.

Herm. Take
The treacherous Hyæna's Shape, allure
With counterfeited Voice, the Wretch, who thinks,
That thou art one of his own Kind. Even there,
Experience might avoid thy Cruelty—but Words
Drawn from a Body, in Appearance ſimilar
To this dark Hull, where *Hermon*'s Soul impriſon'd
In human Figure moves, are fatal Snares,
Are Trammels, that have ſnatch'd me into Ruin.

Pha. That Honeſty, that flows from gen'rous Minds
In this degenerate World is Folly ——

Fair

Fair Actions guided by the ſtricteſt Rules
Of Conſcience, are ever over-match'd
By ſtronger Force of unexpected Wiles,
And Arts, by crafty Men contriv'd, to throw
Deſtruction on the nobleſt Aims, deſign'd
In Goodneſs and in Purity.
Herm. The Rage
Of angry Wolves is honeſtly directed,
By plain unerring Inſtinct, and that Rage
Mov'd in the Lines of Uniformity,
Can be with Eaſe avoided; but thoſe Turns,
Thoſe circling Twiſts of Intricacy, roll'd
In winding Labyrinths of ſhameful Craft,
To the plain downright Heart, unfathomable,
Evade my ſimple Skill, that terminates,
Where interwoven Fallacies, and Fraud
Unite, and form the foul Compound.
Pha. The wondrous Tale by *Oria*'s Lips unfolded
Bears horrible Surprize—myſterious Rites,
Are Tools, which *Cimri*'s wicked Arts contriv'd
To execute ſome Views deteſtable,
Projected in his Heart, that pois'nous Sink,
Where Crimes, and Falſhood brood, conceal'd beneath
The varniſh'd Vizard of Hypocriſy.
Revenge and Hatred to the Brotherhood,
Have prompted *Oria* to reveal the Fraud
Impos'd on thy Credulity—In faireſt View
Appears the Mechaniſm form'd by *Cimri*,
We ſee the purpos'd Mark, the deſtin'd Goal,
His labouring Mind purſues—with Flatt'ry,
And fond diſſembl'd Love, he forc'd the King
To baniſh virtuous *Saphir* from the Court,
And now in black Ingratitude, contrives
The Death of that unhappy Prince, who rais'd,
This abject Wretch to Dignity and Power.
And thus, in miſapplied Religion's form,
He craftily miſled thy pious Soul,
To Superſtition, and Enthuſiaſm.

Herm.

Herm The Dog, that howling bays an empty
Shadow,
Was conſtituted ſo by blameleſs Nature;
But, am I *Hermon* to be thus deceiv'd,
Thus baffl'd from a Certainty of Subſtance
To a vain Nothing?——O Credulity!
Thou ignorant and erring Pilot, where,
On what deſtructive Shelves, and ſwallowing Sands,
Has my Miſconduct thrown me!
Pha. Honeſty
Is the ſoft Mold, whoſe waxy Pliance bends,
And yields too eaſily to wily Knaves,
Who prey on Innocence.
Herm. If human Breaſts,
Are the foul Cabinets, where Treachery
Lies couch'd and hangs aloft the ſpotleſs Flag
Of Innocence, to draw unwary Minds
Into a Gulph of Ruin; why was I,
Whoſe Actions interfer'd not in the Circle
Of ſhameful Stratagem? O why was *Hermon*
Mix'd in the baſe Machinery?—But oh!
The favourable Hand of Providence
Cou'd free me from that Burden—Now in vain
I ſummon all the ſoothing Aid of Virtue,
To eaſe thoſe Tortures, that *Aliza*'s Guilt
Of late has planted in my wounded Soul.
The Comforts of Forbearance, and Compoſure,
That calm the Wrecks of common Miſeries,
Unprofitably waſted here, enlarge the Breach,
Diſtend the gaping Wound, whoſe deadly Smart
Is fatally incurable.
Pha. Aliza!
What, can her pious Soul, that ſacred Vaſe,
Be ſullied with the ſhameful Mark, the Brand
Of Infamy and Guilt?
Herm. That Fraud,
Impos'd by craſty Knaves on *Hermon*'s Weakneſs,
To falſe *Aliza*'s Treachery compar'd,
Is far from an Equality in Baſeneſs;——
If ever Truth, and Honeſty aſſum'd

Dominion

Dominion over Woman's Mind, I thought
Their Throne confirm'd and fix'd in good *Aliza*.
Pha. Say, ſpeak, my Lord, why Diffidence,
Thus, like ſome inward Fever's dread Malignity,
Conſumes thy waſted Spirits?
Herm. Hear the Cauſe,——
Whoſe Circumſtance admits no Conſolation,
As thro' th' Incloſure of the Royal Garden,
Reflecting, penſive on the Words of *Oria*,
I took my ſolitary Way—That Voice,
Whoſe Melody was wont to charm the Wrecks,
To huſh the Surges of diſtracting Phrenzy,
Fomented in my batter'd Brain—That Voice,
Which till that Moment, had been ever dear
To *Hermon*, as the faithful Miniſter
Of kind unſpotted Love, ſurrounded me
With all the deadly Horror of Confuſion;
Aliza, there with wary Artifice
Contriv'd to execute the impious Guilt
Of ſhameful Whoredom—eagerly, ſhe graſp'd
The darling Opportunity—not faint, and trembling,
As oft a Maiden's raſh Precipitance
Aw'd, and check'd by even, expiring Virtue.
Pha. Accuſe not thus the goodly Maid, believe not
The Shade of Falſhood, whoſe diſſembl'd Form,
So nearly imitating Truth, miſguides,
And from Conceits imaginary, frames
A Chaos of Deceit.
Herm. Then *Pharez* think,
The burning Sun, that iſſues Noon-day Heat,
The ſtarry Dome of Heav'n's high azure Vault,
This Earth, whoſe ſolid Baſis firmly ſtands
The Shock of all-devouring Time—then think,
This Syſtem of Creation nothing—think,
That *Hermon* lives not—O too ſurely falſe!
Aliza executes this Night a Fact,
Deteſtable in Thought—This very Night
To *China*'s Monarch proſtitute, ſhe yields
Her Love and Honour—Load me, preſs me down
Relentleſs Fate, and thwart my juſt Deſigns,

Fruſtrate my Hopes, ſubvert the faireſt Ends
Of all my purpos'd Reſolutions, grounded
On Faith and Honeſty, thoſe cruel Bolts
Of Fortune are a tolerable Load.——
But Oh!—When baſe Deceit, and Vice unite
In fair *Aliza*'s Form to torture thus,
To rend the firmeſt Stay, the ſureſt Anchor
Of all my Happineſs, my Soul unable
To front this laſt, this greateſt Diſappointment,
Sinks in the deadly Floods of deep Deſpair. [*Exit.*

Pha. Thus, when our tainted Judgments err, the Mind,
That deviates once from Reaſon, ever ſtrays
From Thought to Thought impatient, in itſelf
Breeding a ſad Variety of Torments.——

Enter DARIMA *and* MIRZA.

My noble Lords, 'twere prudent to retire,
Or dare ye, thus, unguarded, court Deſtruction?
Or ſee ye not, the Rage, the thickning Storm,
That burſts upon you?

Dari. China's Mandarins,
Ere yet the Glories of this Empire fell,
Wou'd not have chang'd their high Eſtate, to rule
The faireſt Realms.—

Mir. The haughtieſt Kings
Obedient ſtoop'd before us—*China*'s Lords,
Noble in Birth, and high in Dignity,
Founded their laſt Security on Laws,
Whoſe Juſtice, Wiſdom, and Neceſſity,
Divine Authority inſur'd.

Dari. What Laws
Can ſtop the Violence of Tyranny?
When regal Power, beyond its Limits ſtretch'd,
Riots in uncontroul'd Extravagance.

Pha. And, as in every State, the Springs of Honour
Riſe from the Monarch, gaping Flatterers
Are ever found at Court, to ſpirit up
The weakeſt Prince's Folly—fair in outſide,

They ſhew a ſweeten'd Surface—Shallow Forms
Of Cringe and Compliment find ſure Succeſs,
When Truth's ſtrong Bullion fails—Diſtinguiſh'd
Worth,
Such as in *Saphir*'s Honeſty appear'd,
No longer, ſuitable to nice Refinement,
Is deem'd an odious Crime.
Mir. Sleek Courteſy,
And flat Compliance, are ſuperior Worth,
And higheſt Merit.
Dari. Foreign War, or Feuds
Domeſtick, Luxury, Conſpiracies,
Or Ignorance in Arts have overthrown
Thoſe Realms, whoſe quick, ſurprizing Revolutions
Are moſt renown'd in Story—Piety
Unſullied, and Religion undefil'd,
Were Rocks of Adamant, whoſe ſtrong Foundation
Supported happy *China*—while Religion
Maintain'd her native, and unſpotted Purity—
Alas! thoſe Pillars of Security
Subſiſt no more.
Pha. Deceitful Superſtition
Takes root in every Breaſt—The Pontiff, *Cimri*,
Has ſpread the noxious Weed—The Brotherhood
Advance its pois'nous Growth—Ill-grounded Fears,
By vicious and corrupted Prieſts inſpir'd,
Diſturb each trembling Heart and weaken'd Mind;
And Vice, in Virtue's Figure introduc'd,
Has ſunk our Country into fatal Ruin.
Mir. Baſeneſs and Falſhood in that holy Function,
Wou'd tempt me to renounce Belief.
Pha. From Heaven
Came the firſt Riſe of venerable Prieſthood,
Ordain'd to teach and miniſter below,
What, by the great Creator's Will reveal'd,
Shou'd be moſt pleaſing to the Might Divine:
That Power, whoſe ſtated Rules can never err,
For Ends to us inviſible, admits
The Villainy of impious Men—When ſuch
Appear among that venerable Band,
Im-

Imprudently we blame an Occupation,
Whoſe Origin is Truth, whoſe Duty Virtue.
Dari. Look from your bleſt Abodes, and pity us,
Ye hallow'd Bards, whoſe holy Temples bore
The ſacred Mitre here—Ye ſolemn Magi,
Look down! and thou moſt learn'd and good *Confucius*,
O Founder of the mitred Race! behold,
And view us from thy ſilver'd Throne—O *Saphir!*
If in the Deſert's Gloom, thy Soul as yet
Survives in mortal Figure, or if wrapt in Glory,
Thou ſitteſt in the Choir of Angels, ſee
Our Wrongs, and O redreſs them!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mir. Tabor here!
What Tidings from the Camp?
Meſſ. Victorious *Fohi*
Has routed all our Troops—Our General
And ninety thouſand of our choiceſt Bands
Fell in the Field—The *Tartar* Prince
Purſues his Victory—The poor Remains
Of *Zanchi*'s Forces, like Autumnal Flies,
Fall impotent and weak—The Conqueror
Advances quick to *Pequin.*
Mir. Heavenly King!
O thou! whoſe high unbounded Majeſty
Knows no Decay—If in thy Providence,
And wiſe Determination, *China*'s Crown
Muſt fall from *Zanchi*, and from *Zama*'s Race,
To grace ſome happy Victor's Brow—O ſend
A King to *China* by thy Gift adorn'd
With manly Virtues!—Let him be in Peace
His People's Father, and in War their Hero.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Royal Apartment.*

ZANCHI *lying on a Couch.*

Enter ALIZA *in the Habit of* IMMA, *led by an Acolyte.*

Ali. Where lead you me? my quick Impatience bears not
The tedious Length of Time.
Acol. The Monarch here
Waits in the royal Chamber—Now, *Aliza*,
I leave thee to the full and joyful Tranſports
Of Love, in Majeſty triumphant.
Ali. Soft are the Paths of virtuous Innocence,
In calm Serenity her Footſteps glide;
But, Oh! the reſtleſs Sorrows, that debate,
And wrangle in the Boſom of *Aliza*, know
No mitigating Balm of Peace celeſtial;
No kindly Hand, by Heaven's Indulgence ſtretch'd,
To quell their raſh, outrageous Fury.
Zan. Move
Thy Pinions quicker, fly with ſpeedier Haſte:
Slow tardy Minutes draw your tedious Hours
To ſudden Periods; nor prolong that Bliſs,
Whoſe Stay, the Sum of wide Eternity
Cou'd never recompenſe.
Ali. The horrid Deed
Looks ghaſtly, thro' the faireſt Maſk, that Conſcience
Can on its grinning, hideous Viſage lay.
Zan. Or rave I in the fancy'd Joy deluded?
Or has the Bliſs of Certainty inſur'd
My Throne in ſafe and everlaſting State
Of firm Stability!—O *Imma* fair!
And, as the Breath of Life, to *Zanchi* dear.
Ali. Great Sir, thy Servant waits—The ſtiff'ning Cold [*Aſide.*
Of Death congeals me in a rigid Graſp——
If in the Scale of Juſtice weigh'd, the Fact,
My Heart deſigns, bears the minuteſt Note
Of Shame or Guilt, avert the fatal Blow,
Thou Source of Right unchangeable.

While

While ALIZA *approaches to him,* ORIA *appears at a Diſtance.*

Zan. Draw near,
Thou laſt and beſt of *Tohu*'s Race—Thy Fear
Be drown'd in full luxuriant Love.
Ori. The Traytreſs *Imma!*—Wary Love unveils
The Cauſe of all my Woe—Confuſion's Rack
Shall tear my *Xury* from thy worthleſs Arms:
The Game is in the Toils entangled—O!
My ſeething Brain twirls in the mad Confuſion—
Xury, diſdainful proud—But oh—too lovely *Xury*:
O! why has Jealouſy, that ſharp-ey'd Spy,
Confirm'd the Cauſe of my Deſpair—Muſt *Oria*
Be diligent to find this fatal Point,
This Zenith of her Ruin?
Zan. Now diſplay
Thy gentle Graces, and thy ſmiling Joys,
Thou World of Love.
Ori. The Poiſon from thy Lips
Deſtroy thee, Mandarin.
Ali. The diſmal Office
Brings Terror to my Soul.

[ALIZA *draws a Dagger, which ſhe lets fall and runs off.* ORIA *runs in Fury, ſnatches up the Dagger, and ſtabs him.*]

Ori. This to thy Heart,
Falſe, cruel Mandarin, perfidious *Xury*,
And let thy Soul, to Hell's dark Regions hurl'd,
Confeſs, that *Oria* ſent thee. [*Exit* Oria.
Zan. Oh! betray'd,
And murder'd by a Woman's Hand:
O *Saphir! Saphir!* [*Dies.*

SCENE *an Antichamber.*

Enter HERMON *and* ALIZA.

Her. The Princeſs *Imma*,
Alone and penſive—In Affliction deep,

She ſees, that now *Aliza* is her Rival.

Ali. Pour all your Tortures on my guilty Head,
Ye Miniſters of Death—Quick, ſnatch me hence,
And hurry me to Slaughter—Whips and Irons,
The ſharpeſt Racks your licens'd Trade can find,
Are all more welcome to *Aliza*, now,
Than odious Life.

Her. What hear I? *Imma!*—no,
'Tis the ſoft Accent of *Aliza*'s Voice,
'Tis ſhe—'tis my *Aliza*—dim Confuſion
Darkens my Sight.

Ali. I wait my Doom, and fall
A willing Victim—(*advancing towards him*) *Hermon!*
O my Soul!
Start back, and let the ſtronger Senſe of Shame
Check all thy Knowledge here.

Her. This Gaiety
Of Ornaments by idle Art contriv'd,
This formal Coverture of princely Grandeur,
If purchas'd at the Loſs of Innocence, were gain'd
At too ſevere a Price—If there be yet
One Spark of Virtue in thy Boſom left,
Let it reproach thee, that in Vice and Guilt,
Thou haſt extinguiſh'd all that glorious Light,
Whoſe Vigour gave it birth.

Ali. The Stings of Death
To me have loſt their Terror—Judges rang'd
In ſtern Authority, I fear not—Thine,
Is that Tribunal, in whoſe piercing Sight
I wou'd be innocent.

Herm. There was a Time,
When Envy wou'd have own'd thee ſo—Alas!
That fragrant Odour of ſweet Purity,
Is now no more—I once cou'd gaze upon thee,
Thy Brightneſs cou'd diſpel my darkeſt Sorrows;
I thought thee fair, and lovely, ſpotleſs, white,
And pure, as new-deſcended Cherubim:
But thou art loathſome now.

Ali. The blackeſt Crimes
Have limited Degrees of Puniſhment:

To load the Miſerable, to oppreſs
The Wretched, is inhuman Cruelty.
Thy Tenderneſs is what I cannot hope;
But, *Hermon*, thy *Aliza* claims thy Pity:
For, worthleſs as I am, my Love deſerv'd it.

Herm. Thy Love deſerv'd it!—O! thy conſcious Heart
Shou'd tremble at the Name of Love—Be dumb,
And, faithleſs Woman, by thyſelf condemn'd,
Expire in Shame.

Ali. My Lord, if to love thee,
And thee alone to love, be an Offence,
That merits Accuſation and Reproach,
I am all over Guilt.

Herm. Thou beauteous Aſp,
Whoſe Inſide is an Hoard of Poiſon—Go,
Return to *China*'s Lord, and exerciſe
That Vice, whoſe Practice in the vileſt Body,
Is viler than its own Corruption—Go,
And wear this Badge of thy laſcivious Sport;
The Wealth of Empires was not worth that Jewel
That thou haſt loſt.

Ali. My Lord, with Coolneſs hear
The Cauſe of thy ſuſpicious Doubts—I ſaw
Thee toil in wild Impoſſibilities:
The Death of *Zanchi* was deſign'd by Prophecy
To be the Work of female Hands—For thee,
I ventur'd on the bold Attempt—My Aim
Was to reſtore thee to thy Peace: juſt Heaven
Is Witneſs of this Truth—To Heaven alone
I make my juſt Appeal.

Herm. Falſe Hypocrite!
Haſt thou, like other Villains, learn'd to gloſs
Thy Crimes with heav'nly Sanction?—Long deceiv'd
By wily Miniſters of Craft, my Mind alone
Was wrong'd—And that, I found a pleaſing Madneſs,
My Heart was yet untouch'd, and thoſe who love,
Who feel the Tortures of a wounded Heart,
Know how he ſuffers, who is injur'd here.

[Aliza *going*, *he follows her.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *a Banquet.*

CIMRI, CIMAREZ, FOZA, *and other Prieſts.*

Cim. Can the grand Sovereign Pontiff of the Weſt,
Or all the Glories of his triple Crown,
Exceed this high Eſtate—Let whining *Saphir*
Fill the bleak Deſert with Complaints repeated,
While *Xury* beats the wide-reſounding Air
With uſeleſs Groans, or cold Inhabitant
Of ſome forſaken Vale, in doleful Notes
Exclaim for *Imma*.

Cima. Claſp'd in *Icaon*'s Arms,
The beauteous Prize inſures a circling Round
Of peaceful Joys.

Cim. Briſk Mirth and Riot flow
From that connubial Tye.

Cima. Our Politicks
Deſpiſe weak Power and Imbecility.

Cim. Haſt thou convey'd *Aliza* to the King?

Cima. Ere this the gentle Maid has coolly giv'n
The fatal Blow.

Cim. Then *Icaon*'s Reign is
From this Moment dated—Speak, good *Foza*.

Foza. Moſt gen'rous *Cimri*, be the full Repaſt
Crown'd with the ſparkling Wine of rich *Chria*'s
Exhilarating Juice—Sedate, and free,
I quaff the deep, capacious Goblet,
And leave Reflection to the Wiſe.

(*A Noiſe and Shout within.*)

Cim. My Friends, our Revellings too oft of late,
Have been diſturb'd by noiſy Rabble,
Who dar'd be heard to murmur—Slaves, Oppreſſion
Was made for them, 'tis ours to lay the Burden,

(*An Alarm within.*)

And theirs to bear it.—*Cimarez*, what mean
Thoſe Shouts unuſual?—Riſe ye not to quell
This Mutiny and Turbulence?—The Cries
Of groaning Wretches, never ſhou'd exceed
Their own unhappy Tribe—diſperſe—deſtroy
This ſturdy Herd—Muſt their uneaſy Cares
Mix with my peaceful Hours?

(*The*

(The Populace break in.)

1ſt *Mob.* Lead on.
2d *Mob.* The Miniſter——
3d *Mob.* Before you——
1ſt *Mob.* Where——
2d *Mob.* A Banquet!——frugal *Saphir*,
Sobriety adorn'd thy Board.
1ſt *Mob.* And we
Pine, while thoſe pamper'd Villains feaſt.
2d *Mob.* Away,
Stifle the factious mongrel Brood.

(The Mob carry them off.)

Enter DARIMA *and* MIRZA.

Dar. Shame of the Prieſthood, miſcreant Deceivers,
Now tumble down that Precipice, whoſe Depth,
Ye form'd to ſwallow Innocence——O *Mirza!*
The Darts of Heav'n are in Progreſſion ſlow,
But ſurely ſtrike the Mark——O Godlike *Saphir!*
Thy Life was ſuch, as conſtitutes the Praiſe
Of Angels perfect——Fortune's Caprice lifts
A deſpicable Slave from Lees of Filth,
And Vice reverts him to his Filth primæval.
Mir. This Scandal of his Function once remov'd,
We may be happy——Honeſty depreſs'd,
May raiſe her heav'nly, beauteous Head, and Virtue
Riſe from the Shade——The Managers of Craft
Are fooliſh Traders, whoſe low Avarice
In Fragments ſubdivides the Stock, and fail
By crouding Difficulties numberleſs.——
The Falcon oft too eagerly ſurveys
His ſubject Prey.——On high ſuſpended, hovers
With crooked Talons, and with eager Eyes
Takes in at once, and predevours in Appetite
The whole preſented Flight, and all evade
The baffled Foe, who wiſh'd to graſp them all,
The People judge not always wrong——and they
Who dare aſſert their Rights, at length are freed,
To ſave an Empire, let a *Cimri* bleed. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Sea-Shore before ICAON's *Fleet at the Frontiers of his Camp.*

Enter XURY.

XURY.

O Fortune! ſheath thy Edge of Indignation,
Nor longer to the Precipice of Death
Purſue this wearied Wretch, this ſcatter'd Chaff,
From Happineſs thus diſſipated—Here,
On this bare Earth expos'd, that Mandarin,
That *Xury* lies, whoſe tender Limbs ſecure,
From blaſting Air to downy Softneſs us'd,
And nurs'd in Niceneſs delicate—Enjoy'd
The Trance of ſilken Dreams, an Outcaſt here,
From Courts, from Fame, from Reſt, from *Imma*; here,
To heedleſs Waves, and Winds unmerciful,
I ſigh my ſad Complaint—O Villain *Cimri!*
Where has thy politick Perſuaſion driv'n me,
To hunt a fleeting Cloud of endleſs Hope,
That leaves me like an hungry Savage loſt,
Baulk'd of his Prey, and in a Wood bewilder'd?
O *Imma!* cou'd thy Heart conceive the Paths,
That I, in dreary Deſarts trace to find thee,
Compaſſion would have melted thee to Pity.
O Miſery of Love, and dire Ambition!
Drawn to the Summit of Extravagance.

Enter ICAON, *and* VORACIO *at a Diſtance.*

Ica. Say, are the Barriers ſafe? the Guards you plac'd,
Have they perform'd their Duty? Heard you not
Some Sound, ſome Noiſe before th' Intrenchments? look,
Be wary, Friend *Voracio*, hear the Voice
Came from this Point

Vora. Your Orders, Sir, were punctually
Obey'd, and in this Station fix'd, I ſtood
From Midnight Watch, to this grey Twilight; all
Was ſilent as a Catacomb.

Ica. Who's there?
Some Centinel aſleep upon his Watch,
A Truant from his Truſt, *Voracio*, ſeize him.

Xury. To the loud Billows, and the foaming Deep,
I utter louder Groans, and heavier Sighs,
Than Hurricanes, or Tempeſts roar.

Vora. Ho! what art?

(XURY *advances confus'd.*)

Ica. Speak, Slave, or by the Stars, this Moment
Hurls thee to Hell,

Vora. Pronounce thy Errand,
Thou lurking Spy for Cogniſance ſent out,
Or Death ſhall recompenſe thy Servitude.

Xury. The Frowns of fickle Chance have made me wretched,
But have not, yet, ſo far debas'd my Nature,
Nor branded me with that injurious Name.
I am not what your Wariness ſuſpects,
I am not a mean lurking Spy, nor know
The ſervile Management of that low Character.

Ica. Then ho! how cam'ſt thou to the Barriers
Of *Icaon*'s Camp, and dread you not to fall
A Victim to that Pirate's Rage?

Xury. The Mind
In conſcious Guilt employ'd, affrighted ſtarts,
But mine is innocent.

Vora. What! heard you not
Of *Icaon*'s formidable Arms?

Ica. Report
Confirms, he aims at *China*'s Diadem.

Xury. (*Aſide.*) In vain, if beauteous *Imma*'s promis'd Love
Be not an idle, and abortive Dream:
(*To them.*) To *Icaon*'s hardy Bands belong ye? Friends
To his aſſum'd Authority?

Vora. The Prince.
Of *Tartary*, young *Fohi*, ſent us hither,
To view the Motions of that Pirate's Camp,
And we are Foes to Uſurpation, Foes
To Cruelty.

Xury. Then leave me to the Racks
Of Thoughts, on diff'rent Principles employ'd,
And foreign to your Purpoſe—Beauteous Maid!
If in the rough Embrace hoſtile Hands,
Thy Charms, a richer Prize, and nobler Booty,
Than conquer'd Kingdoms, are the happy Lot
Of ſome rude Stranger, whoſe blind Ignorance
Knows not thy Price, to Worth of *India*'s Duſt,
Or all the Mines of *Indoſtan* ſuperior.

Vora. (*To Ica.*) Some raving Elf, by Accident eſcap'd
From the dark Dungeon of a Mad-houſe.

Ica. Ho!
Thou Ranter in high Words, and ſwelling Style,
Thou Drum of Love, that beateſt for Recruits
In a wild, barren, empty Deſart, why
Seek ye ſo fair a Damſel here?—Are Rocks,
Or Sands, or craggy Precipices fit
To lodge ſo exquiſite a Gem?

Vora. Where left you
That Mirror of Perfections?—We have ſtray'd
Six tedious Days around this *Weſtern* Province;
Deſcribe the Damſel, Fate may ſo determine,
That we may guide thee to her.

Xury. Phraſe,
In all the ſubtle Modes of Diction turn'd,
Is a rough Pencil to a fooliſh Hand
Committed, to diſplay the niceſt Order
Of perfect Symmetry—By truſty Friends
Accompanied, the blooming Maiden ſtole
From *Nankin*'s Gate, in Midnight Hour to meet
My longing Wiſhes, with accompliſh'd Bliſs
In mutual Heat conjoin'd—With quick Diſpatch,
I follow'd the departed Fair—But ſoon,
As on this Hour of Morn, a Ruffian Band

Aſſail'd me from a neighbouring Wood, delay'd
My diligent Purſuit, they left me ruin'd,
And, as you ſee me, miſerable.

Vora. When?

Xury. Five Days are ſince expir'd.

Ica. Some Token give
Of the loſt Virgin, peradventure, we
Have ſeen her in our Way.

Xury. In Purple cloth'd,
With rich Embroidery of *Turkiſh* Art
Adorn'd, and on a ſpotted Courſer mounted
Of *Perſia*'s Breed, her Journey was directed
To this Weſt Point.

Ica. (*To Vora.*) Her Habit, Circumſtance, and Time,
Are conſonant to *Imma*'s Story.

Vora. Say,
Proceed.

Xury. Four Steeds capariſon'd
With Trappings wrought by *Sydon*'s curious Maids,
White, as the fleecy Snow, bore ſable Youths
From *Guinea*'s burning Coaſt.

Ica. By Hell's red Groupe
Of Furies, this was *Imma*—Paint her Form,
Her Lineaments deſcribe.

Xury. Her waving Hair
In ſilver Ringlets bound ——

Vora. If ardent Love
Inſpir'd her with that fond Fidelity
You boaſt, deſcribe each ſingle Feature, ſo
That we, as in a Picture, may behold
The Object of thy Wiſhes, whom, perchance,
We may direct thee to.

(XURY *looking on a Picture, which he produces.*)

Xury. This dear Similitude,
In Miniature expreſs'd her Infant Bloom,
That tender Bud, whoſe Charms by Time expanded,
Stretch'd into prime Maturity—Then trace
Thoſe curious Lines, the laſt, the ſole Remains,
That ſcap'd the Plunder of thoſe haſty Villains.
If to thy View the lovely Maid appear'd, (*Gives*

(*Gives* ICAON *the Picture.*)
Compare that Type with diligent Obſervance,
And, let thy Fancy repreſent that Likeneſs,
That Time has heighten'd into preſent Beauty.

(ICAON *diligently examines the Picture.*)

Ica. (*To Vora.*) Confuſion! Rage! convulſive Pangs corrode
My ſhrivell'd Veins—Deſpair! *Voracio*, bind,
Confine this Terrier in the nether Guard.

(*Soldiers enter, and carry off* XURY, *while* ICAON *examines the Picture attentively.*)

Collected Inſtances diſturb my Thoughts,
Whoſe ſure Analogy reflects a Scene
Of Shame and Horror—*Imma* is my Daughter,
And this is *Imma*'s Portrait, parallel,
And equal, in nice, ſtrict Exactitude
To one, that on a time from *Macao*'s Iſle
Her Mother ſent me—Death! 'tis very Truth,
And, I am to my Daughter marry'd—Freſh
Occurrences, and new Compariſons
Confirm it—O! by that Herd of Demons,
That neſtle in the vile Impoſtor's Heart,
To quickeſt Diſſolution hurl'd, ſhe falls
A Victim to my ruin'd Wiſhes, to all
The ſullen Rage of diſappointed Hope. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Royal Palace.*

Enter DARIMA, *and* MIRZA.

Mir. Yes, *Darima*, the Tyrant's Fall proclaims,
A Birth of Happineſs to *China*'s Sons.
How, regularly meaſur'd to their Ends,
Are thy Determinations, righteous Spring
Of Conſonance and Harmony—The Blow
Was from a Woman's Hand with Juſtice giv'n,
To rout a Soul unworthy of the weakeſt
Of her own feeble Sex.
Dar. His Minion, *Cimri*,
That lucid Meteor ſprung from Ordure, ſoon

To

To his first Principle return'd—The Rabble
With all the Fury of Revenge, Disdain,
And Hatred, tore his mangled Limbs, and each,
As in a Triumph bore some Offal—Stripp'd
From his dismember'd Carcass, proud
Of Spoils, restor'd to that first Spot, whence Chance
And casual Adventure snatch'd them.

Mir. That Eye,
Whose penetrating Glance, beheld the Ruin
Of this once glorious Empire, guide us
To some more kindly Port, some Ground of Safety
To rest our harrass'd, wreck'd Remains.

Dar. O *Mirza!* cou'dst thou well perceive the Throws
That torture me, when I reflect on *Imma*,
Whose proud fantastick Folly now may stretch,
And riot in unbounded Freedom———

Mir. How different in Frame of Thought and Mind
Is virtuous *Aliza*; highest Worth
Shines in her Actions, such Deportment fair,
Such Excellence bespeaks the goodly Maid
Descended from some nobler Origin
Than common Fame reports—I well remember,
That, oft as by prophetick Ardour warn'd,
Saphir, whose comprehensive Mind foresaw
The Secrets of Futurity, inspir'd
By heav'nly Prescience, has told, that Fortune
Reserv'd a Store of Blessings for *Aliza*;
That, long oppress'd, she should at last receive
A Plenitude of Bliss and Power.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My noble Lords, with lowest Supplication,
Aliza, from the Prison's dark Confinement,
Requests you to relieve her Innocence.

Dar. *Mirza*, that pure, and virtuous, hapless Maid
Is the full Sum of Goodness—*Zanchi's* Death
Is charg'd on her, a Brand of Accusation,
Whose Tincture never stain'd her white-rob'd Innocence. Afflicted

Afflicted Virtue claims Relief, the Hand,
That reaches Aid to Piety diſtreſs'd,
Does Heaven's Office—let our Speed attend,
Where Juſtice ſhews, all Care and Labour due. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* ICAON, VORACIO, *and* IMMA, *in* ICAON's *Tent*; IMMA *with Concern viewing two Pictures.*

Ica. Then, Traytreſs, read thy ſure Reproach, and view
Thy laſt Confuſion, baſe, aſpiring Slave,
Compound of Arrogance and Inceſt—Pride
Has thrown thee on this Rock of Infamy,
And founder here—Cou'd not thy damn'd Invention
Marſhal ſome fitter Scheme to execute
Thy rank ambitious Folly.

Imm. Let
My Ignorance excuſe the Crime, nor blame
My faultleſs Innocence in this Diſaſter,
If blindly in a Miſt of Error led——

Ica. No! by the Shades of Hell, thy conſcious Heart
Beſpake thee *Gaſper*'s Daughter; I thy Father,
And Huſband now, was in my ſervile Youth,
Call'd by the Name of *Gaſper*—Haughty Pride
By Fancy rais'd, defac'd the grating Truth,
Ev'n from thy knowing Soul: Elſe, why ſo oft,
In ſporting Fondneſs, has thy faint Enquiry
In artful Queſtions, negligently talk'd
Of *Gaſper?*—O thou Fund of Guilt!
When *Xury*'s Weakneſs ſeem'd a Prop too feeble
To rear thy ſcaffolded Ambition—Here,
In *Icaon*'s Strength, thy artful Confidence
Preſum'd the ſureſt Hold.

Enter XURY, *in Chains, guarded.*

This Wretch proclaims
Thy black Ingratitude—And I—[*Offers to ſtab her.*

Enter an Officer haſtily.

(*A Flouriſh and Beat of Drums.*)

Offic. Great Sir, the ſtrongeſt Troops of *Tartary*
By

By *Fohi* led, have forc'd our Lines.
Ica. Away,
Voracio, in the rude Embrace of Death
Unite them. [Imma *and* Xury *are taken off by* Voracio.

(*A Flouriſh and Beat of Drums.*).

Ica. Ha! the Din of Battle
Sounds horrible.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. The Foe with Violence
Advances onward, and the fatal Day
Decides for *Fohi.*

Enter VORACIO.

Ica. Ho! *Voracio*, rouze
My hardy Veterans to Arms.
Vora. This Hour
Ends all our Hope—while, negligent of War,
You feaſted on inglorious Love, the *Tartar* Prince,
Young *Fohi*, reſolute, and bold, advanc'd
With unexpected Haſte, himſelf the firſt,
And braveſt of his Soldiers.
Ica. Rage, fly on
To Arms.

Enter a Band of FOHI's *Officers.*

1ſt. *Offic.* Conduct us to the Traytor, point
The Villain to us.
2d. *Offic.* Seize the ſturdy Slave.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Our Prince, young *Fohi*, too precipitant,
As, thro' the thickeſt Squadrons of the Foe,
He onward preſs'd, is fall'n.
1ſt *Offic.* Then, upſtart Villain!
Thus, on thy worthleſs Life, let me revenge
That Death, for which, thy undeſerving Spirit,
But weakly can attone. [*Stabs* Icaon.

[*Exeunt Officers.*

Ica. Tear me, ye grinning Dæmons!—quick—divide
My ſhiv'ring Limbs—Devour me ſtaring Imps!

Ye hold me faſt—Conſume me—*Icaon*
Is now your own—fall down, ye Stars of Light,
And waſte this World in Ruin—Hurricanes,
And Earthquakes ſwallow all in Darkneſs. [*Dies.*

SCENE *the Royal Palace.*

Enter HERMON *and* PHAREZ.

Herm. What, was the Crime too ſimple in Appearance,
Too ſlight to ſatisfy her craving Thirſt?
Or thought ſhe, that the grim Enormity
Of Lewdneſs was not horrible in Figure
Without the Supplement of Murder?
Pha. No!
The Stroke was by the Hand of *Oria* giv'n,
And aim'd at *Xury*'s Heart, her Jealouſy miſtook
The Monarch for her Lover.
Herm. Why, alas!
Was I from Superſtition's ſprightly Trance
Diſturb'd, and weaken'd? If I rav'd in Bliſs,
Why was I wrench'd from that gay, joyful Tranſport,
And crampt within the narrow Field of Love,
Of mean, unworthy Love? and limited
In a baſe Woman's Breaſt, where, all my Aims
Are loſt, with Vice, and Folly blended.

Enter two HERALDS.

1ſt. *Her.* To our dread Sovereign, royal *Hermon*, Health.
2d. *Her.* To *China*'s Monarch, Years in Number, equal
To the bright Spangles of the Morning Dew.
Herm. Slaves, fly my Wrath—or plant ye me a Stock,
To bear the Gibes of your deriding Jollity?
Or was this quaint Device by *Pharez* fram'd,
To conſummate the ſureſt Mark
Of pure Fidelity—Ah! treacherous Herd
Of ill-deſigning Juglers——

1st. *Her.* Dread Liege, our Duty to *Elzora*'s Brother,
And ſtrict Obedience to the laſt Command,
The final Teſtament from *Fohi*'s Hands
Receiv'd, and by his lateſt Words confirm'd,
Diſpatch'd us hither from the diſtant Soil
Of *Foquian*'s Province, where, that warlike Prince,
Young *Fohi* fell, and by the glorious Wounds,
That ſhew'd him Victory in Death, expir'd.
To you, the *Tartar* Prince, in near Affinity
Allied, bequeathed his Laurels, and his Crown.

2d. *Her.* The Realms of *Tartary*, and *China* join'd,
Confeſs thee Lord of their united Powers. [*a Shout.*

1ſt. *Her.* The Populace with loudeſt Acclamations
Surround the Palace, and the Name of *Hermon*
Revives in every joyful Heart—*Elzora*'s Brother
Renews the Proſpect of thoſe *Halcyon* Days,
That *China*'s bleſt Inhabitants enjoy'd,
In happier Times of fair, unſullied Virtue.

Herm. Then, *Pharez*, if this Royalty, conferr'd
By ſtrange Viciſſitude, be well impreſs'd
In Truth, the Fruits of this Authority,
Be firſt employ'd in my *Aliza*'s Ranſom:
Depart, and let her Liberty reſtor'd, [*Exit* Pha.
Prove, that this new Event is no Deluſion.
How, knew ye, that, *Choræa*'s Prince was here?
What Chance directed you to *Pequin?*

1ſt. *Her.* It ſo befel, that in the warm Purſuit,
Some routed Scouts from *Icaon*'s Camp elop'd,
Who in the Rage of Battle, 'ſcap'd the Doom
Of all their curſt Aſſociates ſlaughter'd;
Flew to the Covert of a gloomy Thicket,
As in that dark Receſs, we trac'd their Flight,
In the deep Solitude appear'd a Cell,
Where, wrapt in heav'nly Contemplation,
Liv'd a reverend Derviſe, who with cheerful Talk,
Such, as the Virtuous hold, on various Subjects,
Gayly delighted us—the Converſation

Was on your Royal Perſon turn'd—we told,
What to your awful Majeſty, we dare
Aſſert, that *Fohi*, our Imperial Maſter,
(Who by the Death of *Zanchi*, and Defeat
Of *Icaon*'s Hoſt, was now ſole Lord of *China*,)
Had by his lateſt Words in Death bequeath'd,
His Empire to *Choræa*'s Prince.

2d. *Her.* He heard
Our Tale—it pleas'd him much, and much he talk'd
Of *Hermon*'s Virtues, he forſook the Cell,
And led us hither.

Herm. Tho' deceitful Men
Have kindl'd ſuch a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
That waſted by the ſtrong Diſeaſe, I burn
With Flames unquenchable, and fear th' Approach
Of every Man, whoſe Speech, like tainted Air,
Seems to breathe Peſtilence around me—ſtill,
Cou'd I but find, in all the human Race,
One honeſt Man, or one like *Saphir* good,
I cou'd believe him—if that reverend Sage,
Long in a Wild from publick view remote,
Has in the Flow of Time forgot, that Words
Are us'd by Men to bear up and ſupport
A common Trade of Fraud—I'll hear him ſpeak,
And will adore in him that lovely Truth,
Which every other Heart has loſt—Depart,
[*To the Heralds.*
And lead the pious Hermit hither. [*Exeunt Heralds.*

Enter ALIZA, *leaning on* PHAREZ.

Aliz. Support me, *Pharez*—Night's eternal Shade
Falls thick upon me—while this dying Ray,
This laſt weak Beam of Light, as yet informs
Thoſe tedious Moments of expiring Life,
Let me conſume them here—A Flood of Joy
Burſt on my Soul—my Spirits riſe again——
I ſee the happy royal, lovely *Hermon*—
Thy Glories cheer me with that genial Heat,
Which, neither Life, nor Liberty can give;
For thou art more than Life or Liberty.

Herm.

Herm. 'Tis not in Fate to change my hapleſs Lot,
That Star, whoſe baneful Influence preſided
At *Hermon*'s Birth, has doom'd my floating Mind
To wander in Uncertainty, to rove,
And like an empty Bark be buffeted,
And toſs'd about, the Sport of Winds and Waves—
I ever ſee the Port, ſome adverſe Guſt
Blows ever from the faireſt Point in View,
And drives me back into that troubled Deep,
Whoſe Rage I hop'd to ſhun.

Enter SAPHIR *with* DARIMA *and* MIRZA.

(SAPHIR *in the Habit of a Hermit, conducted by the Heralds.*)

Aliz. This holy Sage,
(Who to the Dungeon's diſmal Cavern came,
Where in the loathſome Damp of Walls bedew'd
With chilling Vapours, the moiſt Peſtilence
Crept through my Veins) can beſt relate,
How faithfully I lov'd—while Speech remain'd,
And Words obey'd the Impulſe of my Heart,
I told him all.

Sap. Moſt dread, and mighty Prince,
And you moſt excellent, and noble Lords,
This innocent and royal Maid, deſerves
Your utmoſt Pity—then with deep Reſpect
Look on the laſt of *Tohu*'s Race—behold
The great Deſigns of Providence, revolv'd
Thro' Secrets wonderful, at length appear
And iſſue into Light—thoſe glorious Rays
Of innate Virtue, and bright Excellence,
Which even in a State of low Dependance
Flow'd from her Soul, and in her Manners ſhin'd,
Ye all have ſeen, and known; for they were ſuch,
As neither thicken'd Miſts, nor Clouds obſcure
Cou'd from your Sight exclude—the good and great
Are Heav'n's peculiar Care—as in itſelf,
High, and conſpicuous Eminence, perchance,
Is Heav'n's ſevereſt Curſe—This royal Maid,

This

This Favourite of Angels, long remain'd
Conceal'd in bleſt Humility.
Ali. My Lord,
Draw near, and by thy kind Approach, revive
That Warmth, which weaken'd Nature cools—thou
ſeem'ſt
More lovely now—but to increaſe my Love,
To raiſe the Tranſport of my Boſom higher,
Is more, than all the Turns of varying Fortune,
Or Fate, can do.
Herm. What Character, what Stamp,
Does Truth in its own Nature bear? Or how
Can human Weakneſs ſteer, where all we ſee,
Or hear, betrays us into Error?
Sap. Heav'n
Has fairly by unuſual Means explain'd
One Truth, which *Hermon* may believe—this Codicil,
A reverend Derviſe of the Chriſtian Faith,
One of the ſable Sons of *Loyola*
Receiv'd from dying *Coſca*'s Hand—the Tale
Of *Imma*, and *Aliza* interchang'd,
Is all recounted here—The Pirate *Icaon*
Was *Coſca*'s Huſband—*Imma* was her Daughter,
The Mother prompted by ambitious Pride,
In tender Infancy exchang'd the Babes,
And ſubſtituted *Imma* in the Place
Of this laſt Offſpring of the royal Line
[*Giving the Codicil.*
Of antient *Tobu*—Heart-corroding Sorrow
Brought *Coſca* to reveal her impious Crime,
When at her lateſt Moments, ſhe could find
No Hope, but from Repentance—thine alone
Are Pow'r, and Empire, prudent, meek, *Aliza*,
And *China*'s Diadem is his alone,
Whom thou ſhalt deign to wed.
Ali. If Nature's Lord,
Sole Spring of Excellence, has kindly giv'n
This ſignal Pow'r, this Bleſſing to *Aliza*,
Thine be that plenteous Store, O God-like *Hermon!*
The Springs of Life renew—

Now

Now my chear'd Heart dilates, and quicker, now
Flows the briſk, purple Stream through every Vein,
Spirits inform my Limbs——by every Tye
Of Friendſhip, and of Love, my Soul conjures thee,
Let not thy cooler Reaſon judge me guilty
Of Crimes unworthy of *Aliza*—Joy
Dawns on my Soul—I feel ſoft Peace approach,
And calm ſerene Tranquillity—the Storm
Is gently huſh'd—the dreadful Hurricane
Of zealous Madneſs, and Enthuſiaſm yields to
Thy balmy Words—this cheating World
Is all one Maſs of Fraud—thy Love, and Truth
Know no Deceit——thy healing Art
Has wrench'd out every poiſon'd Arrow plung'd
Deep in my Boſom——thy Worth and Excellence
Deſerve the brighteſt Glory——this firm Tye
[*Giving her Hand to* Hermon.
This Union makes me thine——thus often ſlow,
But ever ſure, is Virtue's Recompence.

Sap. Repoſe in Heav'n's Determination—thence
From ſtated Principles to our Exiſtence,
Long previous proceed all Changes here,
Now be in Peace of Mind compos'd—the Faults
Of thoſe, whoſe Function ſhou'd have made them good——
Can never change the pure and inward Eſſence
Of Truth and Virtue, which can never fail,
Tho' Men, who ſhou'd have practis'd both may err—
Their Crimes are not an Argument ſufficient
For Incredulity and Diſbelief,
In ſober Reaſon—be not diffident
Of ev'ry Man, nor think all Men are evil,
Becauſe ſome few deceiv'd thee—Innocence, [here
Love, and Sincerity are there [*pointing to* Aliza.] and
Are Truth, and Friendſhip join'd—thy *Saphir* lives,
And in this Garb of rude Auſterity
Stands here before thee.

Herm. Bliſsful Hour!
Then *Hermon* doubts no more—thy ſage Advice,
O thou, whoſe Friendſhip knows no Bounds, has quell'd

The Turbulence in *Hermon*'s tortur'd Breaſt—This
Balm. [*Pointing to* Aliza.
Is that bleſt Medicine, whoſe healing Power
Brings ev'ry Hope of Comfort—Folly ends,
When Reaſon reaſſumes the Helm, replac'd
By evidential Truth—forgive a Fault,
Whoſe Origin was over-acted Virtue.——
If Weakneſs ſubjects us to Error, Truth
Made viſible through wiſe Experience,
Shakes off the galling Fetters, whoſe ſtiff Weight
Depreſs'd the Mind in Slavery—my Lords,
Your Safety ſhall be now all *Hermon*'s Care——
This Star directs to Happineſs, (*points at* Aliza)
from *Saphir*
Reſtor'd to faithful Exerciſe of Government,
Receive the Fruits of Liberty reſtor'd,
The juſt Reward of patient Honeſty.

Mir. Lead to the holy Temple—Heav'n will ſeal
The happy Sanction.

Pha. Piety once more
Shall boldly ſhew her beauteous Face—the Rock
Of Virtue is a firm Foundation——Vice,
[*Pointing to* Saphir.
And Tyranny, to thee oppos'd in vain
Their weak Artillery—And Worth like thine [*to* Her.
Deſerves, what bounteous Heav'n can beſtow
On Truth and Purity.

Dari. We greet thee Lord,
Our Thanks ſhall riſe to Heaven in loud Applauſe,
That's ſumm'd up all in thee——By ſtrange Events,
So works the Will of Heaven—— and thus revolve
The juſt and great Deſigns of Providence.
This Story to Poſterity reveal'd,
May profit by the uſeful Precedent,
That Rage of Superſtition, and mad Zeal
Nurs'd in the Mind, are Reaſon's deadly Bane;
That Chance, and varying Fortune muſt obey,
When Merit points, and Virtue marks the Way.
[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. HERON.

THE Play being done, according to our Laws,
I come to plead with you our Author's Cauſe.
As for our ſmart Gallants, I know they'll ſay,
Damn him! There's one ſad Character in's Play.
What! on a Couch, Alone, and in the Dark!
Ladies, there's no ſuch Fellow as this Spark.
What can he mean in ſuch an Age as this is,
When ſcarce a Beau but keeps a Brace of Miſſes?
They Keep! why Gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our ſweet Italian *Singers too.*
What can one think of all the Beaus in Town,
When with the Ladies ſuch Gallants go down?
Th' Italian *Dames, ſhould this Report grow common,*
Will ſurely pity us poor Engliſh *Women.*
By the vaſt Sums we pay them for their Strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in Brains?
But ſhould they hear their Singers turn Gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think Brains not your only Wants.
——Now for the Wits—but they ſo nice are grown,
French *only with their Palates will go down.*
French *Plays Applauſe have, like* French *Diſhes, got,*
Only becauſe you underſtand them not.
Happy Old England, *in thoſe glorious Days,*
When good plain Engliſh *Food and Senſe could pleaſe:*
When Men were dreſs'd like Men, nor curl'd their Hair,
Inſtead of charming, to out-charm the Fair,

They

EPILOGUE.

They know by manly Means soft Hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an Eunuch's Voice to melt their Nymphs to Love
—— Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that Age,
Do you assist the Satire of the Stage!
Teach foreign Mimicks by a generous Scorn,
You're not asham'd of being Britons *born;*
Make it to your eternal Honour known,
That Men must bear your Frowns, whenever shewn
That they prefer All Countries to their own.

FINIS.